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Journal of Archaeology, Science, and Art.

No 2111.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1857.

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Application to be made by letter addressed to me, on or before the 5th of July next. Applications received after that date will not be considered.

By Order,
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REVIEWS.

Chow-Chow; being Selections from a Journal kept in India, Egypt, and Syria. By the Viscountess Falkland. Two Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

In Chinese, *chow* means a second-rate town or city; in Hindostanee, *chow-chow* means "odds and ends," scraps of everything. Its practical application is illustrated by the Chow-Chow basket of the Indian pedler, which contains specimens of a great variety of small wares. "In offering my Chow-Chow basket to the public," says Lady Falkland, "I venture to hope that something, however trifling, may be found in it suited to the taste of every one." The work consists of passages selected from a journal kept by the author during a residence of a few years in India, and a journey homeward through Egypt and Syria. We will briefly indicate the main points touched upon in the two volumes.

Lord Falkland was appointed, in 1848, Governor of Bombay, an office which he held for five years. During that period Lady Falkland's journal is filled with notes upon the people, climate, customs, scenery, and history of the island, and the different places she visited; in the hot season migrating to the Mahabaleshwar hills, in the rains to Poona in the Deccan, and at other times making excursions to particular spots of interest, such as the cave temples of Elephanta, and the pilgrim-shrines of Alundi. Lord and Lady Falkland left Bombay in 1853. Their route carried them over the beaten ground to Aden, Suez, and Cairo. The usual sights were "done," the Pyramids, which terribly disappointed the fair traveller, the Sphinx, in whose features she frankly avows she could not discover the mysterious serenity of expression usually attributed to them, and the excavations at Sakkara, of which we have a graphic sketch. From Cairo she sailed up the Nile to Thebes, visited Luxor and Karnak, and on to Alexandria and Jaffa; thence to Jerusalem, putting up in a narrow street in a hotel looking out over a pool—supposed by some people to be the Pool of Hezekiah. Here excursions are made to Jericho and Bethlehem, and the base of the Mount of Olives is passed and repassed upon various occasions when the party are out exploring. Of all the places Lady Falkland visited during her absence from England, Jerusalem seems to have made the deepest impression upon her; and when, at last, yielding to the circumstances which, in the East, always control the movements of travellers, she was compelled to take her departure, she left it for Damascus with great regret. From Damascus, the route lies direct homeward, through Baalbek and Beyrout.

The Indian section of this work is the best. The subject comes more immediately within the province of the writer than the controversial field of scriptural geography, and her special opportunities of observation impart a value to details which would otherwise be wanting in novelty or importance. Readers who have never been in Bombay may collect from Lady Falkland's volumes a very clear notion of the ways of life and the resources of society in that Presidency. The country is brought palpably before us in a variety of phases, and the author, having the eye and feeling of an artist, gives us here and there some word-pictures of road-sides and villages,

mountains and rivers, which possess the merit of being striking and faithful, and of showing us very distinctly the habits of the people in combination with the scenery. The cool drive in the woods, the dinner parties in the brief cold season, the ceremonials of social intercourse, the bustle that takes place when the hill season commences, the ascent of the furniture up the ghauts on men's heads to the bungalows on the mountains, the precipitate dismantling and retreat when the rains are about to set in, the familiarity which the resident in India speedily acquires with snakes, tigers, cheetahs, hyenas, and the vast world of insects, and many other characteristic incidents of European experience in the East, are chronicled with liveliness and good taste. The worst of it is, that the passages containing these animated sketches are scattered and disconnected, and lose much of their effect by being dispersed amongst a multitude of miscellaneous topics. The loss, however, is, to some extent, balanced by the freshness of colouring we gain from the form of the journal, in which the immediate impression is at once noted down while it is yet new and strange.

Here is an Indian experience which requires no introduction, and which crowds into a brief compass several local particulars. It should be remembered that the Government House at Bombay looks out over the flats, a vast plain, at this season brown, arid, and covered with stubble:—

"During the night, in the month of May, it is impossible to sleep with closed windows, and nearly as impossible to do so with open ones. Thus, sleep is almost hopeless. The beasts, the birds, the insects, the reptiles, appear to join in one universal tumult, and even human beings seem to take very little repose. In a temple not far off, a priest is beating a drum, and I conclude, invoking the help of some god or goddess. When the drumming ceases, I sink into a doze, but to be again roused by howling jackals, tearing over the flats in pursuit of prey, by the hooting of the 'night hawk,' (as it is called here, though it is in fact a screech owl), then by the deep-toned note of an enormous frog, mingled with the 'chip, chip,' of many a grasshopper, and about daylight a lively bird, anxious 'to be up and doing,' begins a merry chirp, or a crow with his very vulgar 'caw, caw,' destroys all hopes of rest. At last, as day dawns, I see, outside the bed, those little greedy mosquitoes clinging to the curtains, and staring at me, thinking how good I should be! and I rise, weary and but little refreshed, to go to the launch of a ship at the dock-yard, in the fort."

The "plague of insects" is another Indian horror. It is at dinner that this winged death's-head exhibits the greatest vivacity:—

"Attracted by the lights, they fly into the room in countless numbers. There is every variety. The long, graceful green mantis alights on the table, and begins stretching out its arms as in an imploring attitude. There are myriads of moths, with wings which seem made of delicate gold and silver tissue; some look inlaid with mother-of-pearl. There is a long, dark yellow hornet-shaped insect, with no end of joints, which makes you shudder as it flies by; blister flies, with either ruby or emerald-coloured bodies; large beetles, 'armed to the teeth' in black, strong, shining armour, and with horns like formidable spears. These beetles are so strong, that, when placed under a wine-glass, they move it before them as they advance along the table. It is in vain the table servants endeavour to remove these plagues. As may be supposed, many flew into the candles, others into the finger-glasses. So great was the annoyance, that I fear it was with something like satisfaction we heard some crackling in the flame, or saw 'some strong swimmer, in his agony,' struggling in the water."

There is no novelty in the account of the Hindoo funeral ceremonies; but some of the details are not without interest. Along the shore, every evening, about two miles from Malabar Point, large fires may be discerned. They are the flames in which the bodies of the dead are to be consumed:—

"When the Hindoo is dead, his body is laid on a bier; he is carried usually to the sea or river, where the funeral pile is ready prepared. His face is exposed. Over the corpse is thrown a white cloth, on which many flowers are strewn. Before the body is taken to be burnt, it is anointed with ghee or clarified butter. Arrived at the side of the water, the nearest relation sets fire to the pile, which is soon in a blaze. It takes three hundred pounds' weight of wood to consume the body of an adult. The ceremonies are numerous, and a description of them would fill a chapter. The ashes are afterwards thrown into the river or sea, and more ceremonies go on, called 'Shradhu,' which consists of rites for the repose of the soul of the departed: it is strictly attended to, and often costs a great deal of money, the priests receiving very handsome presents from the relations."

The Parsees neither bury nor burn their dead. The reason they assign is, that they would not defile the earth, from which they receive so many blessings, by depositing the dead in it, and that to consume the body would defile the pure element of fire. Their manner of disposing of their dead is sufficiently revolting:—

"In a secluded part of Malabar hill are two temples of silence or dakhmas, surrounded by walls; no one is ever allowed to enter the gates but parsees. They are common round stone towers without roofs, and to those temples the dead bodies of parsees are brought, and there left to be devoured by vultures and other birds of prey. The place is well chosen for this melancholy purpose. No dwelling is near; nothing heard but the waves beating against the rocks on the western shore, or the leaves of the palmyra palm crackling as the wind passes through them, nothing seen but large vultures flying from palm to palm. * * *

"Inside the large round roofless tower are stages or stories of stone pavement, slanting down to a circular opening, like a well covered with a grating, into which the bones are swept after the birds have done their duty. On the upper tier are placed the bodies of men, on the second, those of women, and on the lowest those of children. * * *

"The vultures are always on the alert, seeming to know by instinct when a funeral procession approaches; and it is not long after the body has been placed in the temple that the birds are seen hovering over it; should they first attack the eye of the dead person, it is considered a favourable omen for his soul."

The Governor of Bombay has three residences; one, large and convenient, within the walls of the fort, looking very much like a German stadthouse; another at Malabar Point, a sort of cottage retreat on a wooded promontory washed by the sea; and a third, the principal, at Pareil, about six miles distant from the fort. Lady Falkland was at the second of these residences, when one day, exploring for sketches, she came suddenly upon a discovery, which is pleasantly described in the following passage. The picture is quite artistic:—

"Near Malabar Point, on the right hand as you drive towards the compound in which the Governor's bungalows are situated, is to be seen a wall and an entrance in it, from which a long flight of steps leads down apparently to the sea. The further you proceed the more is your curiosity excited. Half way down this flight there is a handsome temple to the right, where I stopped to sketch a small curiously carved window, and be-

yond are more and more temples, with red flags waving on their roofs. Continuing to descend, I found myself in the midst of a small village, full of life and animation—it was like a dream. This little town or village, is called Walkeshwar. In the middle of a large square is a tank, round which are built temples, houses, and tall white obelisk-shaped pillars, called deepmala, painted in parts red and green, on which lamps are suspended on great festivals, and numbers of little altars containing the *Tulsi* plant. Temples of all sizes and forms are here: there is the lofty one shaped like a sugar-loaf—here one with a doomed roof, on it a pinnacle and turret, with similar ones at each corner, and a third elaborately carved, in which are small images of gods in niches placed in the numerous turrets on the roof. Then there are flat-roofed temples, and little square ones, standing about four feet high, with pointed roofs, and built under trees.

"It is a village of temples, full of busy Brahmins, and lazy fakirs, who sit on the ground, under a dirty bit of canvass stretched on four poles, with a hubble-bubble (a pipe, the smoke of which is made to pass through a cocoa-nut filled with water; being an humble imitation of a hooka) with their long hair twisted round their heads, and covered with ashes and dirt.

"A wall surrounds this little corner of the island of Bombay on three sides, towards the west it is open to the sea. The narrow passages (for streets they cannot be called) were dark and gloomy; on each side were temples, houses, and dingy walls, with the foliage of tall trees overshadowing the way, and nearly obscuring the day-light; and on all sides there were numbers of mysterious corners, little barred windows in walls; small, dark inlets here, and outlets there, so that I almost expected Hunooman (the monkey-god) would creep out from one of them, and Gungutty (the elephant-god) with his trunk, grin at me, through an open, carved window in a temple. Every now and then, a Brahmin, in white drapery, flitted by like a ghost, and religious mendicants slunk along the wall, looking like spirits from the nether world."

One of the sights most astonishing to a new arrival from Europe, is the number of attendants appointed to wait upon English children:—

"During the evening drive, one sees, at some little distance, a long train of people advancing at a slow pace. What can it be? Is it the body of a Hindoo carried forth to be burnt, or a religious procession?

"As they come near we see women in white, natives with parasols, then ponies, and soon perceive, among the crowd, some little children: they are taking their evening airing. The women in white are the ayahs: they wear white sarrees, gold bangles, and nose-rings; one carries a pale-faced 'chotah butcha' (little child), 'in long petticoats,' and over the infant's head a native manservant holds a parasol; then comes a small carriage, drawn by a man, and in it sits another child. The procession ends with a pony, on which is a little boy; he is held on by one attendant, while another leads the animal: both the young charioteer and rider are protected from the evening sun by servants carrying parasols, and thus they all creep on for an hour every evening at the same funeral pace."

While she was resident at the hills, Lady Falkland was visited by the widows of the late Rajah of Sattara, who, with a long retinue, made a pilgrimage every year to the neighbouring temple of Pertabguhr:—

"As our cottage was on rising ground, we could see the approach of the ranees, and their numerous retinue at a distance, as they wound their way up the hill. It looked like a procession on the stage. There were flags flying, banners streaming, prancing horses, stately elephants, tall camels with their heads towering over everything; soldiers on foot; tom-toms and discordant horns, becoming louder every minute. Then as the ranees came

near, we saw *maids of honour* running by the side of the closed palanquins in which the princesses were, and as each one arrived at the entrance of the bungalow, crowds of attendants rushed on, and pressed round the palanquin screaming out their mistresses' titles. In the background were the elephants waving their trunks over the crowd, horses rearing and neighing, and a band of native musicians straining their lungs in blowing wind instruments, and nearly breaking their arms in beating the drums. Arrived at the door, the poor ladies were still kept shut up, till a wall of red cloth could be held up on each side of the entrance, to prevent their being exposed to the vulgar gaze of mankind. When all was ready, they crept out of the palanquins, and were received by the governor. They were concealed in splendid sarrees, which covered them from head to foot—not even the tip of a finger was visible. They were conducted, one by one, into an inner room, and to sofas, by the governor."

A few days afterwards Lady Falkland went to visit them:—

"Their camp covered a considerable space of ground near a tank, to which the elephants went to bathe every evening. From a distance the scene was imposing; on nearer inspection it was little else but a gigantic gipsy camp—not, however, the less picturesque for that.

"There were tents of all shades of red, and brown, and blue, and dirty white. Hundreds of the followers of the ranees were busy with elephants or horses, or tending bullocks or camels; all the animals were picketed about. Many people were cooking—all occupations being carried on in the open air.

"The tents of the three ladies were inclosed within walls of canvass, painted red at the top.

"The elder of the adopted boys received me at the tent-door. He was magnificently dressed: trowsers, turban, tunic, and shawl, round his waist, of red and gold tissue. From the turban fell a large tassel of pearls and emerald drops; round his throat were rows of pearls, diamonds, and sapphires; and he had handsome diamond bracelets. His appearance and manners were dignified.

"The other little boy came out also to meet me, but all his finery and precious stones did not suit him. He was an exception to the rule 'that fine feathers make fine birds.'

"As I was unaccompanied by any gentleman, the ranees met me inside unveiled. They had on velvet jackets, the usual sarree, worn by all Hindoo women (which is of such a length as to serve for petticoat and head-veil in one), and wore quantities of jewels, beside toe-rings! Over the back of the sofas were thrown handsome sarrees, embroidered in gold, near at hand, and ready to be put on instantly, should any strange man enter suddenly."

We need not describe the ranees. They were, as usual, horribly ugly; nor was the sight of their uncouth features and unintellectual heads much softened by the aspect of the still uglier maids of honour, who stood in a row behind them, waving fans of peacocks' feathers over their heads. On one occasion the ranees gave the Governor a sort of theatrical entertainment, some of the details of which are curious:—

"The room was small. On each side were rows of wooden pillars, painted dingy red, and between them red silk curtains fastened up. There were openings into side apartments, before which hung red draperies. If there were windows in the room where we sat, they were closed. The heat was very great: the hanging lamps were numerous, and the wax candles in them were constantly going out."

Some conversation takes place before the concert begins. Family curiosities are exhibited: Sivajee's sword, an Italian blade, now worshipped as a divinity; two old pictures,

painted two hundred years ago, by native artists; a gold bell, inlaid with precious stones; and the horoscope of the principal ranees, written in Sanscrit, and full of astrological figures. These are soon exhausted, and we now turn to the musicians, who are all seated on the ground:—

"One had a large instrument shaped like a harp, but placed across his knees. It had a great number of strings. The sound was not unpleasant, and the performance was admirable. Another had a kind of violin, by no means agreeable to listen to. Then a third brought forth some very soft notes from a lyre, and a fourth played very expertly on a drum. The instrumental concert concluded, women came forward, sat down on the ground, and began singing. The prima donna's voice was very monotonous. She sang a solo, in Mahratta; other women joined in a chorus, the words of which, I was told, were, 'After twelve years send me back my love.'"

After this came the natch girls; and the entertainment concluded with the performance of the kuthas, a species of narrative song, during the delivery of which the singer accompanied himself by striking together two large pieces of bell metal, somewhat in the manner of castanets. By this time the candles went out, and then—the guests.

One of the most characteristic Hindoo festivals is that which takes place on what is called cocoa-nut day. This feast is held at every seaport town:—

"It occurs in August, and is supposed to mark the termination of the rainy season, the date when the navigation of the sea is open, and when the Hindoo trader may very safely trust his ships and goods to the ocean. At Bombay, the natives, clad in their holiday attire, go in procession from their houses in the town to the sea-shore, preceded by bands of music. On the beach, numerous ceremonies are performed over a cocoa-nut, generally covered with gold and silver leaf, which is then cast into the sea as an offering by the principal person present. Every trader or boat owner there makes a similar offering on his own account. Many of the lower classes of natives swim or wade in, to fish out the cocoa-nuts; and as during the scramble, some of them often receive severe knocks from the cocoa-nuts, which are thrown in by persons in the crowd, there is generally a good deal of laughter, noise and excitement.

"The first boat of the season generally puts to sea directly after, gaily decorated with streamers. In former days, the chief civil functionary at the company's factories, at such places as Tanna, Surat, and Broach, used to attend, and sometimes cast in the first cocoa-nut; but this practice has, I am happy to say, been long since stopped by orders from the court of directors, and no servant of government is now allowed to take any part in any such ceremony."

At Cairo, Lady Falkland dined with a Copt family. The entertainer was wealthy, and belonged to the middle class of citizens. The first glance at the interior brings the scene vividly before us:—

"Ascending a very dark staircase we reached a landing, near which was the kitchen. It was full of women evidently busy preparing for the approaching feast. We then entered a sitting-room in that part of the house called the Hareem. This room was very 'Europeanized.' There was the divan always found in Egyptian houses, but all else was *un-eastern*, and among other things was a modern French gilt clock, which somehow did not look in character with the Copt's apartment."

Here is the lady of the house in her "winter dress":—

"The full trowsers were of fine grey cloth, as was also the long vestment, called 'yelek,' which fits tight to the body, and is of such a length as to

completely cover the feet. A small shawl was twisted round the waist. Over the yelek was the long open robe called 'gibbeh,' of purple cloth, richly embroidered in gold; this dress was even longer than the yelek; a veil of black net hung down from behind her red cap, as also the 'safa,'—the Egyptian head-dress made of black silk cords covered with small gold coins—it is the same head-dress that is always seen on the statues of Isis. The lady's hair in front was cut short round her forehead, but fell in plaits and tresses down her shoulders; and a bandeau of inferior diamonds ornamented the cap, or tabcoosh."

We have not space for a full account of the dinner, which is the best part of the whole. But we must give a part of it, premising that the ladies of the house did not sit at table, but oscillated to and fro between the kitchen and the dining-room, with the black women slaves who brought in the dishes, which were placed on the table by the old mother of the host. The wife walked about in a grand manner:—

"There were altogether, during the dinner, about fifty dishes. The first thing that appeared was a large tureen of vermicelli soup, into which we all plunged our spoons. After this we helped ourselves, with our fingers, to whatever pleased our fancy; and the gentleman occasionally, offered with his fingers, dainty bits from his own plate to his guests, with which they were all obliged to appear perfectly delighted. Dish after dish was put on, and then removed from the table. At last, the good mother appeared, holding a plate, on which was a large joint of lamb. She put it on the table, bent over it, and tore it open with her two hands!—displaying, with some pride, the interior, which consisted of raisins, rice, chestnuts, and other fruits. She then presented each person with a large piece of meat, her hands being thrust into the dish and withdrawn laden with all kinds of savoury condiments, which she heaped up on our plates. The lady of highest rank, I remarked, had Benjamin's portion. Then the kind old dame trotted off, her hands shining with grease, to bring other dishes—never reflecting what an advantage it would be if she washed her fingers in the interim."

We will resume and conclude our notice of this work in our next number.

The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer. By Samuel Smiles. Murray. THE life of Mr. Browning's pearl-diver is not more distinctly marked by two great phases than the life of George Stephenson, "railway engineer," as he is simply designated on the title-page of his biography. As the pearl-diver had his two highly-contrasted periods—the one when, a beggar, he plunged into the waves, the other when he rose crowned with his treasure—so George Stephenson had two epochs, no less strikingly opposed—the one, when he was struggling against fortune in a station of obscurity, the other, when the highest honours were showered upon him by the highest people in the realm; or, to present the two epochs in their historical aspects, the time before railroads were invented, and the time after that invention had been tested and put into practical operation. It would be mere trifling with the time of the reader to say one word upon the incalculable advantages the world has derived from the application of steam to locomotive purposes. It is as patent as sunshine. These advantages, vast in their present extent, and enlarging with the advance of science, and the expanding demands of civilization, are solely attributable to the genius and perseverance of George Stephenson. We

do not affirm that Stephenson was the first person who thought of employing steam as a propelling power on a railway; but he was the first person who did so employ it. James Watt had thought of it, but never carried it into execution. Nor do we affirm that Stephenson was the inventor of the railroad. So far back as the close of the reign of Elizabeth wooden railways were used in England. The mining districts had long been in the habit of using rails to facilitate the transport of great loaded waggons. These rails were originally made of wood, but in some places the wood was displaced by iron, as early as the middle of the last century. Numerous experiments had been made in the construction of engines, all of which failed, bequeathing, however, to subsequent adventurers some incomplete but valuable suggestions. It was Stephenson who saw where the chances of ultimate success lay, whose discrimination turned to account the scattered hints dropped from the foiled efforts of his predecessors, and who, by his originality, adaptive skill, and indomitable energy, at length succeeded in producing a locomotive engine, from which sprang the whole railroad system which now traverses the surface of Europe.

The marvel was, not the application of steam to locomotion by land or sea, for, looking at the inevitable progress of science, that was a result which, sooner or later, must have been accomplished, but the circumstances under which, and the person by whom, it was effected. George Stephenson was the son of a fireman who worked at the pumping-engine of a colliery at Wylam, on the banks of the Tyne, about eight miles from Newcastle. The house where he was born is still to be seen. It is two-storied, red-tiled, and has four apartments for labourers' families. In one of these, on the ground, with clay floor and unplastered walls, the inventor of the steam locomotive was born on the 9th June, 1781. The family consisted of father and mother and six children; and a tolerably accurate notion of their condition may be formed from the fact, that the wages of a fireman did not exceed twelve shillings a week. Upon this stipend the utmost that could be done was to keep soul and body together. Schooling was wholly out of the question. Clothing of any kind was a difficulty. While the children were young, the eldest were put to take care of the youngest, and to prevent them from being run over by the chaldron waggons that passed close to the door along the wooden tramroad. As soon as any of them were able to do anything, they were put to such work as could be got, or to make themselves useful in-doors or out-doors by nursing the young ones, or carrying father's dinner to him while he was at work. George was eight years old before he got employment, and then, "to his great joy," he was engaged by a widow to herd her cows, and keep them out of the way of the waggons. For the discharge of this duty the boy had twopence a day. His occupation, somewhat like that of a shepherd, afforded him many idle hours, and thus left to himself, the natural bent of his genius, even at this early age, became apparent. His spare time was devoted to making whistles out of reeds and scannell straws, erecting water-mills, and modelling clay-engines. Had these mills and engines been mere imitations of objects familiar to his everyday experiences, there would be nothing very surprising in his adoption of such an amusement; but it is obvious

that they were the first rude shapes which a design, dim and incoherent to himself at that age, was instinctively taking. In these models of clay, for which imaginary steam-pipes were found in the hemlock that grew about, we have the germs of a conception to which mankind is more largely indebted than to all the results achieved by the Royal Society from its foundation, two hundred years ago, to the present hour.

As he grew bigger and stronger, George Stephenson was advanced to do farm-work at fourpence a day; from thence he was promoted to be a "picker" at the colliery, for which he received sixpence a day; and finally he reached the summit of his ambition when he was appointed to drive the gin-horse, at eight-pence. But, as the desire of greatness grows with the acquisition of good fortune, the youth soon began to aspire from this point to a still loftier elevation. His secret passion, ever since he had modelled the clay engines, was to be an engineman. At fourteen he very nearly touched the pinnacle, for he was then appointed assistant fireman at a shilling a day. He was so small and so young that his only fear was, that he should be thought too insignificant for so important a post; and whenever the owner of the colliery went round, George used to hide himself lest he should be turned off. It is needless to say that he now rapidly ascended higher and higher. At seventeen, we find his wages raised to the same amount as his father's, and the boy advanced to the situation of engineman or plugman, a post higher than that held by his father, and requiring more practical knowledge and skill. From this hour George Stephenson devoted himself to his engine—it was his passion. He studied it in all its parts, taking it to pieces in his leisure hours to master its construction, and finally acquiring so complete a knowledge of its mode of working that he rarely had occasion to call in the aid of the colliery engineer. At this turning point of the history the biographer makes the following interesting remarks:—

"There is indeed a peculiar fascination about an engine, to the intelligent workman who watches and feeds it. It is almost sublime in its untiring and quiet power: capable of performing the most gigantic work, yet so docile that a child's hand may guide it. No wonder, therefore, that the workman, who is the daily companion of this life-like machine, and is constantly watching it with anxious care, at length comes to regard it with a degree of personal interest and regard, speaking of it often in terms of glowing admiration. This daily contemplation of the steam-engine, and the sight of its steady action, is an education of itself to the ingenious and thoughtful workman. It is certainly a striking and remarkable fact, that nearly all that has been done for the improvement of the steam-engine has been accomplished, not by philosophers and scientific men, but by labourers, mechanics, and enginemen."

We might now turn from this picture of the opening years of George Stephenson's life, having conducted him to the position which gave him the means of becoming practically acquainted with the steam engine, to that brilliant period in his career, when he had accomplished a thousand times more than he had ever contemplated in the wildest aspirations of his youth. But the issues of his labours are too well known to require exposition here. It is enough to show what he was up to this point, and how he was trained to the great work that lay before him, in order to enable the reader to comprehend, in their full force, the two contrasted phases so remark-

ably exemplified in his progress. At eighteen he could neither read nor write. He was nineteen before he could write his name. Imagine this full-grown man, who was destined to effect a revolution in the world, working hard at his engine all day, and going to school, like a boy, three times a week at night to learn his letters. "He resolved," says his excellent biographer, "to find a road into knowledge, and no man can sincerely desire this but he will succeed." The example ought to exert a salutary influence far and wide amongst the working classes of England; and if this biography, written throughout with singular clearness, modesty, and good sense, could be read aloud in every labourer's cottage in the kingdom, it would give an effective impetus to the education of the people, and the direction of their moral energies into right channels.

Our space will not permit us to follow the minute details of the biography, to which, however, we must commend the earnest attention of the reader. Few romances possess so strong an interest as this life—so brave, so simple, so strenuous in its faith. Stephenson was a careful man in his habits; prudent and steady. Having married in 1802, he endeavoured to increase his resources by mending shoes, and afterwards by making them. His wife died in 1804, and although he put his hand to many things, with a certain success in them all, cleaning clocks, cutting out clothes, mending shoes, and working at the colliery, matters were so far from prospering with him, that he thought of emigrating to Canada. All this time he was secretly pursuing his favourite object, and having at last acquired a reputation for his ingenuity in constructing an engine, he was appointed engine-wright at a salary of 100*l.* a year. This was the spring of his subsequent progress. In 1814, he placed a locomotive on the Killingworth Railway. It was awkward and cumbersome at first; but he speedily improved it, and that improved engine, which bears the date 1815, is the parent of the whole race of locomotives which has since sprung into existence.

The indifference with which this discovery was treated, although not a singular, is a humiliating fact in the history of science. Eight years elapsed after Stephenson had solved the problem of the profitable employment of steam for the purposes of railway traction, before another locomotive railway was constructed for coal-traffic. Not only was the discovery treated with indifference, but when it began at last to attract notice, and after the Stockport and Darlington line had been established, placing beyond all doubt the success of the principle, the extension of the discovery was in many quarters strenuously opposed. When the works of the Liverpool and Manchester line were in progress, anxious consultations were held by the directors as to whether they should employ horse traction or steam, and it was only in consideration of the large traffic anticipated that they finally determined to adopt steam. And then came the question whether fixed or locomotive engines should be employed:—

"There were as yet no engineers who believed in the superiority of locomotives; and Stephenson stood almost alone in advocating their use in preference to fixed engines and ropes. The projectors of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, though they must have been aware of the daily use of locomotives on the adjoining Killingworth and Wylam lines, had determined in 1824 not to

employ locomotives on their proposed railway. Sir William Cowling, who was appointed by the Emperor Alexander of Russia to examine the internal communications of England, and who visited the Stockton and Darlington Railway after it was opened for traffic, declared that it could never answer as a route for passengers in comparison with stage coaches. He expressed his decided preference for the Atmospheric Railway, then proposed by Mr. Vallance, between Brighton and Shoreham, which he considered 'very far superior' to the locomotive system. Mr. Palmer, in his 'Description of a Railway,' declared that 'there is no instance of any locomotive engine having (regularly, and as a constant rate) travelled faster than, if so fast as, six miles an hour. Vallance, in his letter to Ricardo, pronounced that 'locomotive engines cannot, on an open railway, ever be driven so fast as horses will draw us;' and that railways as an investment would be unproductive, and as an effective means of transport a failure. Tredgold, in his 'Practical Treatise on Railroads and Carriages,' dismissed the locomotive in favour of the fixed engine system, which he pronounced to be cheaper, as well as safer. 'Locomotives,' he said, 'must always be objectionable on a railroad for general use, where it is attempted to give them a considerable degree of speed.' As to the speed of railway travelling being equal to that of horses on common roads, Mr. Tredgold entertained great doubts. 'That any general system of carrying passengers would answer, to go at a velocity exceeding ten miles an hour, or thereabouts, is extremely improbable.'"

We can make all reasonable allowances for the mistakes and miscalculations which were made in those early days on certain points connected with railway travelling, which could be satisfactorily solved only by experiment; but no allowances can, or ought to be made for a bigoted opposition to a new power, an opposition, too, which affected the authority of science, and delivered its decisions with the air of an oracle. It was one thing, for example, to commit the error, which subsequent experience has dispelled, of relying upon the goods and not upon the passenger traffic for a productive return from railways; but it was quite another thing to assert, in the face of that practical progress which was daily developing greater and greater wonders, that locomotives never could be made to draw so fast as horses, and that the steam engine on the railway could never be safe or economical.

As Mr. Stephenson's life was expended, so to speak, upon bringing the locomotive to working perfection, so the crown of his toils was won when he saw the railway system in full operation. His character is shown in the fidelity with which he clung to his discovery amidst evil report, and in the face of the most powerful opposition. "He had laid hold of a great idea," says his biographer, "and he stuck by it." He was a man of resolution, and of intense conviction. And his energy and adaptiveness were equal to the vigour of his conceptions:—

"He was ready to turn his hand to anything, shoes and clocks, railways and locomotives. He contrived his safety-lamp with the object of saving pitmen's lives, and perilled his own in testing it. Whatever work was nearest to him he turned to and did it. With him to resolve was to do. Many men knew far more than he; but none was more ready forthwith to apply what he did know to practical purposes."

Again:—

"Mr. Stephenson, though a thrifty and frugal man, was essentially unsordid. His rugged path in early life made him careful of his resources. He never saved to hoard, but saved for a purpose, such as the maintenance of his parents, or the

education of his son. In later years he became a prosperous and even a wealthy man, but riches never closed his heart, nor stole away the elasticity of his soul."

The biography is conceived in a manly spirit worthy of its subject. It is frank, earnest, and unaffected; the true history of a working man, written with a clearness of style and a fulness of knowledge which will render it invaluable to all working men.

Summer Months among the Alps. By Thomas W. Hinchliff. Longman & Co.

SWITZERLAND again! and again! We took up this book in no little surprise at the ingenuity or hardihood of the writer. What could Mr. Hinchliff have to tell us that was new about glaciers, moraines, crevasses, and alpenstocks? Having read the volume, we are bound conscientiously to say that it amounts to very little. Our author was a persevering walker, and a warm admirer of mountain scenery. He tells us that there are some grand sensations to be experienced in reaching the top of Monte Rosa, that the Matterhorn is a stupendous obelisk of inaccessible rock, and so forth; but something like this we fancy we have heard before. Why, if we have not all of us been up the Rigi, and down the Gemmi, and across the Strahleck, and all the rest of it, we have listened to the tales of those who have accomplished these wonderful feats. Nay, have we not, in default of other sources of enlightenment, our own native domestic Albert Smith? Our author is perhaps a trifle too condescending to the cockney public. Why, he allows us no sort or kind of knowledge whatever. He must possess a degree of simplicity, rare indeed among gentlemen of his learned profession, when he engages us in an interesting narrative, of a page long, touching the loss of his hat; or tells us that people sit for hours in the baths at Leuk, having floating tables with chess or coffee before them (see Murray); or informs us of the precise period of the route at which he first heard of the failure of the Royal British Bank (was he a depositor?); or circumstantially relates how, crossing a glacier somewhere or the other, he, the writer, lost his pipe, and on going back "with Tairraz" to look for it, found, not indeed the missing treasure, but a *porte-monnaie* that had been dropped by one of his friends. Was this great event so well worth making a note of, describing in full, printing, correcting in type, and publishing! After this, we are not surprised to be told that travellers in mountainous regions are liable to giddiness, with symptoms of intoxication; that sleeping in snow may possibly be followed by fatal results; that at all times it is desirable to make a good breakfast before starting for a walk, and that "a mere crust of bread in the pocket may do important service before the close of the expedition." Mr. Hinchliff need not have gone all the way to Switzerland and back to tell us this. Has he forgotten the old proverb about one's grandmother and certain gallinaceous products? Here we learn that bad eggs will swim and good ones sink, that the insides of ice crevasses are a deep blue, that crétins "have generally short shambling figures with unnatural round heads, the faces of which have no expression but a horrid leer;" and some other valuable but not precisely novel pieces of information. We must protest, too, against the unnecessary introduction of

people's names, about whom the reader probably knows nothing and cares less. A certain "Dundas" is suddenly set before the reader's eye, without a syllable of introduction. Two guides are mentioned by the writer as having been with "Dundas and me" in 1855. "Dundas and I," says the writer, "slept together at a particular tavern somewhere, in a certain year." Who is "Dundas?" We hear no more of him; and the fact stands alone as an event in European history. We read also of a Mr. C. Blomfield, whose fingers were frosted, and who rubbed them with snow, and thus succeeded in bringing them to life again; but who declared he had never felt such pain before in his life. This is all we learn of Mr. C. Blomfield, who must be much gratified at finding his name dragged before the public, with such a silly story attached to it. A minor fault is the perpetual banging about of long-winded German names of mountains and towns, in which the author seems, as in his pipe, to take great delight! As a specimen of haste and inaccuracy, we may instance the following story:—

"There had been a *fête* in one of the villages on our road, and for many miles we were continually passing groups of peasants in all their holiday finery; picturesque as they were, however, it must be confessed that personal beauty formed no part of their attractions; all the *poudre de riz* and all the silks and crinolines of Paris would not have made more than two out of a hundred of the women passably good-looking;"

so that, according to Mr. Hinchliff, two out of the hundred might have been made good looking by rice-powder, silk, and crinoline. Dress and paint will do wonders, no doubt, but we never before heard that they would make even one ugly woman handsome. But here is a better anecdote, which we extract with pleasure, as one of the most amusing in the volume:—

"While supper was preparing I was greatly amused by seeing a grand scene enacted by a guide and his master for the time being, a Scotch laird, who had been confiding to me his regret at having allowed himself to be inveigled from his grouse-shooting by the entreaties of his wife and daughter. Happening to pass, I saw him violently gesticulating at the guide, who evidently was trying hard to make him understand something in an unknown tongue; he called to me and begged me to tell him what the fellow wanted, as he could not understand a word of the language: so I undertook the task of interpreter, and found that Madame was going to be carried down to Meyringen in a *chaise-à-porteur*, and that the porters, after seeing her ladyship, declared her to be *embonpoint outre mesure*, and insisted on two extra pair of hands. The poor laird was so disgusted already that I could not venture to interpret this insult fully, but contented myself with fighting his battle for him: the struggle happily ended in the defeat of his adversaries, who were compelled to carry Madame with the usual number of bearers, while I received the warmest thanks of Monsieur for saving him from some danger, the nature of which he never fairly comprehended."

Here, too, is an account of a passage across the Cima di Jazzi, which might have ended awkwardly:—

"We knew that we could not be far from the pass; and before long we came to the edge of the snow-field, upon which we halted to hold a council of war about its exact situation. We had by this time descended a little from the highest part of the snow, and the guides, after a short discussion, came to the conclusion that we were too much to the left; the snow on the edge in front of us seemed far from safe, so turning to the right, we kept a little away from it, and soon lost sight of it in the

fog; we then continued rising, at first gradually, but soon very rapidly, through the snow, which admitted us at every step as far as the knee. Close to our left we could see a mass of long-wreathing snow, which we knew was too dangerous to infringe upon, and for some time I devoted my attention to my footsteps; but at last, as I felt we must have ascended very considerably, I lifted up my head to try if it were possible to see any mark to direct us aright: the ascent we were making was so steep that I had to throw my head far back before I could see Tangwald and another man apparently balanced on the brim of my hat.

"Just then the fog cleared for a moment in our immediate neighbourhood, and partly revealed to us the dangerous position we had arrived at. We had been climbing up the edge of the Cima di Jazzi! Not more than three or four feet from where we stood, the mass of snow wreathing in exquisite form hung over the side of precipices towards Macugnaga, the depth of which was still concealed by the mists below, while in front of us the edge of the mountain bending round to the left displayed a tremendous chasm, the sides of which were hung with monstrous green icicles, one row below another, until the lowest were veiled in impenetrable cloud. A more terribly dangerous-looking place I have never seen, even among these mountains; another step, and the whole mass of overhanging snow might have given way with our weight pressing close upon its edge!"

"This awfully beautiful vision, which for a moment had been permitted to 'show our eyes and grieve our hearts,' was in another moment withdrawn entirely: a fresh puff of wind drove another mass of fog towards us, and, without saying a word, every man turned cautiously round upon his steps, and, holding hard by the rope, walked slowly down amid a silence which was not broken till we reached a place of safety."

Besides, the very homely advice above given, about the crust of bread, our author tells travellers what to wear for walking in Switzerland; and his advice may perhaps be useful. He is particular in the description of proper boots and socks, and enumerates what the contents of a knapsack should be; but we cannot find that the suggestions are at all superior to what would occur to the most unenlightened understanding. Your alpenstock should be bought near the Rigi, where the wood is strong, as a life may be imperilled, &c.; and you should always choose good guides.

We should be sorry, indeed, to deprive Mr. Hinchliff of any portion of the enjoyment he has doubtless had in writing this book; but we must advise him in future to consult his reader's taste, also to give him credit for some slight amount of elementary knowledge, and not to confine himself to descriptions of adventures which happen to everybody, and to anecdotes without force or humour. Here is a passage, for instance:—

"Those whose fancy induces them to penetrate among the loftiest of the Alps, and to scale the dizzy precipices which were long considered the sacred home of the chamois, find in their adventures an exhilaration and delightful excitement which are inconceivable to those who have never done the same. Some remark quietly, 'Well, I hear that there has been another fool on the top of Mont Blanc!' or, imagining that he could only have been there for the sake of saying that he had 'done it,' they refer him to Sheridan, who, when his son asked permission to go down into a coal-pit, avowedly for the mere pleasure of saying that he had been there, replied, 'Well, then, why don't you say so?'"

Can there be a worse platitude than the above? Everybody knows there is exhilaration and delightful excitement for those who are not too lazy or too wheezy to make the attempt. Then, as to Sheridan's remark.

Why, this is one of the worst sayings we ever heard fathered upon that joker of much abused and long-suffering memory. What does it mean? Does it signify "Why don't you confess you want to go into a coal-pit merely for the sake of saying you have been there?" Or, "Why don't you say you have been into a coal-pit, without going?" It seems to us not only obscure, but without point, except on the latter supposition, that Sheridan pleasantly advised his son to tell a falsehood. No doubt the faults which we have pointed out are due to inexperience and precipitancy; but the fact is, that a journal of adventures like these should never have penetrated beyond the circle of the author's friends and acquaintance. The details are too trivial and too personal throughout for the general reader. Still, there may be young travellers who may wish to gather hints from what has happened to one of the thousands that have rambled over Switzerland before them; and no doubt they will find here a faithful and minute record of the author's experience. The book is published opportunely for those who meditate the ascent of Monte Rosa or the passage of the Strahleck this year; and we bear the most willing testimony to the excellence of three very elegant little maps of the country round Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc, and the Oberland Mountains. These will be found, we doubt not, of great convenience to tourists. There are also some careful sketches, particularly one of Monte Rosa, which fronts the title-page, drawn on stone, and chromolithed very successfully, and with excellent effect.

Crania Britannica. Delineations and Descriptions of the Skulls of the Aboriginal and Early Inhabitants of the British Islands; together with Notices of their other Remains. By J. B. Davis, M.R.C.S., and J. Thurnam, M.D. Taylor.

THE first decade of this elaborate and well-executed work was published about fourteen months ago. Four more parts will complete it. Enough, however, has been laid before the public to enable us to see its bearings and ascertain its value. It is an important contribution to ethnology in general; and, most especially, to its archaeological department.

It is, by many important points, both of principle and detail, different from the standard works of Blumenbach and Morton—of Blumenbach, oftener quoted than studied; of Morton, more praised than criticised. Blumenbach from a comparatively few specimens deduced the cranial peculiarities of the leading divisions of mankind. It would have been better if he had deduced them from many. His induction, resting on an improperly narrow basis, is inaccurate in many of its details, especially that of the famous Caucasians, who should now be relegated to the domain of the novelist. Morton, whose contributions to a recent *omnium gatherum* for the American market scarcely amount to a fiftieth of the whole, has had his name taken in vain, and stands sponsor to more than one dogma which he would probably, if alive, have repudiated. He accumulated materials, and carried the examination of these into minute details. The *Crania Americana* is the work which the present decades more especially emulate.

Yet they differ from it in their greater amount of archaeological elements. Except

in the instances from Mexico and Peru, Morton's crania were generally recent. They were Eskimo, Ojibbeway, &c., as the case might be. In some cases the owner, or proprietor, had been so recently in the ranks of the living, that men could remember him and his head, and how he used to wear it. There was no archaeology. The crania, however, of the work under notice are all from ancient burial grounds; the newest, perhaps, fifteen hundred years old.

They differ from each other in shape and size. If it were not so, what would be the interest in collecting them?

They differ from each other in shape and size. Why? The answer to this depends upon the peculiar views of the archaeologist who studies them. One writer may see between a roomy cranium and a narrow one neither more nor less than what a phrenologist sees between two brothers of the present century; neither more nor less than so much difference between their individual characters. Another may see the bony framework of two nervous systems, one well, the other ill, fed. A third may see a difference of species; just as he would see the same in the skulls of so many dogs on one side and so many foxes on the other. A fourth sees something of the same kind, but scarcely knows what to call it. It is not a difference arising from any change of physical condition. It is rather a difference of species. Then why not call it one? We cannot say. We only know, for some reason or other, ethnologists of a certain school, though treating of what is in reality a question of species, rarely use the name. They use the word *race* instead. There is a compromise in this which we do not care to investigate. Varieties are intelligible. Species are intelligible; but a form that is neither one nor the other is hazy and indistinct.

Whatever may be the views of the writers under notice upon the minute points involved in this view, it is clear that their opinions are decidedly in the direction of cranial differences being due to a difference of original constitution, rather than to a difference of action in the matter of physical conditions.

That the forms of their crania—

"are permanent, and not transmutable in the different races, may equally be deemed a *postulate*. The peculiarities impressed on the true negro head in the days of Ancient Egypt or Ancient Etruria are still inherently attached to it. So of other races as far as they have been examined with precision by the aid of sufficient materials. This fundamental *axiom* may be regarded as a fixed star, whereby to direct our steps in the present inquiry, almost the sole light shining with steadfastness."

The italics are our own; and we use them for the sake of drawing attention to the two very important terms. If the permanence of cranial forms be what the first sentence makes it, a postulate rather than an axiom, there is no objection to the phraseology. It expresses a doctrine which many may consider non-proven; though the authors themselves do not. It expresses a doctrine in which there is a certain amount of assumption, duly notified, correctly expressed, and made transparently clear to the reader, who is fairly dealt with. But how is he treated when the postulate becomes an axiom? The extent to which the statement is an assumption is concealed from him—as far, at least, as a change of term can conceal it.

The permanence in question may possibly

be a fact; and the authors before us may have better reasons than have ever been published for believing it to be so. But it may also be an error of considerable magnitude. The only certainty with which it is connected is that of its being (whether rightly or wrongly) a pure assumption as far as the world at large is concerned. We measure our words when we confidently assert that there is not, in any work hitherto published, one jot or tittle of evidence upon the matter. There is a show of some—but nothing more. There are a few facts which pass muster because they are true, but fail to satisfy the conditions of proof because they are irrelevant. The negro head of the text is a fact of this kind; and very good service it has done. It has shown that the crania of certain populations may retain their characteristics for 1000, 2000, 3000 (say 10,000) years. And why should they not? Time, taken by itself, has no power to alter them. The real causes of alteration are changes of conditions acting in time. Where are these in the Negro and Copts and Etrurians, and the similar staple instances? The Valley of the Nile of A.D. 1857 is the Valley of the Nile of the Pharaohs; and the skulls of its occupants are slow to change. It would be a wonder if they were not. What is there to change them?

The true induction by which the permanence of cranial forms is to be established, is something more than the mere time-bargain of the ordinary arguments. It must show resistance to changes in physical and moral conditions; resistance to influences likely, in things other than permanent, to effect modifications. Anything short of this is evidence in disguise; and it is only with evidence in disguise that the old song about the Tombs of the Pharaohs, and the like longevities, have treated us. One investigator may believe that a Negro is a Negro under all climes and conditions; another, that he is a Negro so long as Negro conditions are around him. In the permanence of such crania, under conditions which have a tendency to effect changes, lies the true evidence of the writer's doctrine; but such permanence has never been put to the test. If an African, instead of a Norwegian colony, had discovered and occupied Iceland, and if the descendants of the men in the 11th century had kept the Negro head and face till the present time, the language would have been accurate. As it is, there has been no change. Why should there have been? Time is nothing. The real agents are certain physical causes acting in time.

We do not, however, make this a serious objection. The question is open both ways. Only let it be a question.

The contents of the work are eminently instructive. No notice in the two decades already published exceeds in interest that of the first ancient British skull from the barrow on Ballidon Moor, in Derbyshire. The barrow itself was bell-shaped, with two (we may almost say) stories. In the lower lay the remains of a body which had been simply interred; in the upper, those of one which had been burnt. The skeleton (*i.e.*, the remains of the interred body) lay at the bottom of a lozenge-shaped cist, formed of four stones at the sides, and one at the top. The only instrument was a short one made of flint; pointed, and not above an inch long—an arrow-head, perhaps, though not a well-shapen one. The knees and feet of the buried man himself were drawn up.

Along and beyond the slab that formed the roof of the cist a thin stratum of the soil showed marks of fire; indeed, it was carbonized. On this, and over the cist, stood an urn, eleven inches in height, and of average workmanship, upright, and containing clean calcined bones, a bone pin, and a flint arrow-head, all (like the bones) calcined. The cover of the urn was a slab, resting by its ends upon the side walls of the barrow.

Thus we have one body burned, one buried. To which add four other, lying as skeletons, among the loose stones that formed the body of the barrow.

The same juxta-position of a skeleton in a cist, in the same barrow, with a loose-lying unprotected one, occurs in the Parsleyhay Law barrow, also in Derbyshire. In this, however, there are no traces of cremation; besides which, the posture of the incised skeleton is sitting. Again, the implements of the incised skeleton are of stone; those of the loose-lying ones, of bronze.

The Green-gate Hill tumulus (near Pickering), essentially the same as that on Ballidon Moor, gives, as a difference of detail, two skeletons—both with the knees drawn up, but one lying with the head eastward, the other with the head westward.

The tumulus of Uley, Gloucestershire, is more remarkable for its magnitude than the details of its contents. Instead of a simple cist, it presents roomy chambers, with numerous skeletons. There is still, however, the loose-lying skeleton above, the signs of cremation, the mixture of metal and stone implements.

Wetton Hill, Staffordshire, gives us a vase, with slight signs of cremation. It gives us the loose-lying and the incised skeleton, and it also gives us (like the Green-gate Hill tumulus), the double position, *i.e.*, two skeletons lying head-and-foot to one another.

End Lowe, Hartington, Derbyshire,—the size of the barrow great. Its contents, loose-lying and incised skeletons, bronze and stone implements. Signs of incineration.

These the writers call British. They may advantageously be compared with those of the Romans and Anglo-Saxons of the same decades. In respect to the exhumations from the East Riding of Yorkshire, and the country of the ancient Parisii, we suspend our judgment. We only hope that the work may go on as it has begun. The 'Horæ Ferales' of that lamented scholar, Mr. Kemble, will extend our *data* for these investigations. The tumuli of England are one thing. The tumuli of the country whence the Angles came is another. Much light will be thrown upon the antiquities of the Anglo-Saxons, as well as other populations, when the results of the inquiries in Hanover, Oldenburg, and Luneburg, have been submitted to criticism—criticism which must assume less in the way of information of all kind than is usually assumed.

The labours of the anatomist and the archaeologist are complementary to each other; both helps to the ethnologist and historian.

North America, its Agriculture and Climate.
By Robert Russell, Kilwhiss, N.B. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

A new work on North America must have some special claims to recommend it to notice. Within the last few years a whole library of books on the United States has accumulated, most of them the light journals

of flying tourists, but others containing elaborate descriptions of the country and its people. There is little new to be looked for now in the accounts of the physical features or the political and social institutions of North America. In statistics there are great and rapid changes, but in all the other contents of the volumes that continue to appear there is little novelty of information, and it must be chiefly by charm of style or by excitement of personal narrative that fresh readers can be attracted. Mr. Russell has, however, found a branch of the subject less exhausted, and by devoting to it the principal share of his attention, has produced a volume of some originality and of much value. He has recorded the observations of an intelligent and well-trained Scottish farmer on the agriculture and climate of the United States, Canada, and Cuba. Many of the author's practical hints will be prized on the other side of the Atlantic, while readers in this country will find more full and accurate details on agricultural subjects than have been given in any previous work on North America. The observations on meteorology and climate will also have interest for men of science, Mr. Russell having devoted much time to this study, and delivered lectures on the subject at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, of which an abstract is included in the volume.

Agricultural statistics, and detailed descriptions of soils and crops, however valuable for reference, will be 'caviare to the general,' and Mr. Russell's book is therefore likely to be popular only with a certain class of readers. We find, however, many shrewd and interesting comments on men and manners interspersed among the more formal observations on the land and climate. Mr. Russell landed at Boston, and first made acquaintance with American life in the New England States. The absence of the broadly marked distinctions of society known in the old country at once struck him.—

"At the hotel I had some conversation with a person who had all the appearance and manners of a gentleman, but who was no other than a working mechanic. He had driven down his wife and family from a village thirteen miles inland to have a day's recreation at Nahant. This way of spending a little spare money raises the moral and social condition of those who labour with their hands, and maintains a sense of self-respect. The general diffusion of education among all classes in New England has had the effect of raising them in a great measure beyond the temptation of indulging in drinking habits, which are more common where ignorance prevails, especially when combined with a high rate of wages. A Sheffield manufacturer, carrying on business both in England and the United States, informed me that in the majority of cases the high wages which he paid to his workmen in Britain did not improve their condition, as so much was squandered for spirits, whereas the educated mechanics of New England were in general a sober and industrious class of men. After travelling for some time in Massachusetts, one is impressed with the thorough diffusion of education among all classes, and with the universal politeness mingled with independence which prevails. Although American phrases are very common in ordinary conversation, yet in all the larger towns of this State the English language is spoken with great purity. The legislature is making efforts to give a free education to every one who chooses to accept of it. Boston and its environs contain a population of about 300,000, and in 1853 they assessed themselves to the amount of 60,000*l.* for educational purposes."

In the State of Maine the working of the much discussed Liquor Law naturally excited

his curiosity. As one of the Judges of the State, the Hon. Neal Dow, has lately been lecturing publicly on the question in this country, the testimony of a stranger on the spot will be received with interest. Mr. Russell says that in some of the towns through which he passed, it was necessary to go to the cellar to obtain liquor, but in others it was sold openly over the bar with as much freedom as if no such law were in existence. In Newbury, Vermont, he saw people partaking at all hours, and the good-natured landlord laughing at the legal prohibition. The truth is, that there is no force to carry the law into operation. In the absence of a numerous police the law could be worked only by private informers, who incurred so much ill will that they gradually relaxed their efforts to cope with the evil. It is in other States where the temperance party are agitating for a similar measure that the benefits of the Maine Liquor Law are chiefly extolled. Mr. Russell affirms that the law is ineffectual in regard to drunkards, and useless in regard to the mass of the population of New England, who are of temperate habits. It is not the custom there, as in Scotland, to drink over every bargain in the market, as well as at every social meeting. Moral influences would do far more, in America, and in this country, to diminish intemperance than compulsory legal enactments.

Slavery is another 'American Institution' which of course forms the subject of Mr. Russell's observations. Against the system in the abstract he displays the strong feeling that every Briton ought to manifest, but he saw much to modify the opinion he had formed before witnessing its operation. Many of the slaves have far greater privileges than the readers of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's novels are apt to imagine. In travelling from Richmond to the South Mr. Russell witnessed a scene not unlike the hirings of farm servants in Scotland and the North of England:—

"Richmond was at this time literally swarming with negroes, who were standing in crowds at the corners of the streets in different parts of the town. The most of the slaves who are hired out and who change masters, usually do so at Christmas. Many had not got places for themselves. The general system seems to be that the owners allow the slaves, male and female, to seek out masters for themselves. I went up and spoke to one man who was offering himself for hire as a coachman. He showed me a slip of paper on which was written, 'Isaac, for hire, apply to Mr. —, 140 dollars per annum.' According to his own account, he was not quite healthy, and would not be worth more than 700 dollars. I was rather amused at the efforts of a market gardener to hire a young woman as a domestic servant. The price that her owner put upon her services was not objected to by him, but they could not agree about other terms. The grand obstacle was, that she would not consent to work in the garden, even when she had nothing else to do. After taking an hour's walk in another part of the town, I again met the two at the old bargain. Stepping towards them, I now learned that she was pleading for other privileges—her friends and favourites must also be allowed to visit her. At length she agreed to go and visit her proposed home and see how things looked. It would thus seem that the feelings and wishes of the slaves are often humoured. There was nothing repulsive in the appearance of the crowds about the corners of the streets, as all were well-dressed and as light-hearted as one could possibly imagine."

The question of slave labour in its relations to the agricultural and commercial wealth of the country is ably discussed, and the advantages and disadvantages of the

system, apart from its moral aspects, are fairly stated. In Cuba Mr. Russell had opportunity of observing the results of the still active slave trade. From the time that the horrible traffic was arrested in the British colonies, the colonists were compelled to encourage the natural increase of their negroes; and this necessity was the first step towards raising their condition. But in Cuba slavery exists in its unmitigated horrors. It is estimated that half a million of Africans have been imported into Cuba since 1826. The planters generally find that it is more profitable to exact severe work from the slaves, though the mortality is greatly increased. This will continue as long as the import of fresh slaves is unchecked. All that England has yet done for the African race is rendered nugatory if a stricter blockade be not established on the coast of Cuba. The importation of Chinese labourers has commenced on a large scale; but Mr. Russell describes their condition as little better than that of the slaves. In a slave country it is not likely that strangers, even though nominally under the milder system of apprenticeship, will have much protection. One thing Mr. Russell is certain of, that the immediate abolition of slavery would have a disastrous effect on the cultivation of the island. The governors-general all get the credit of conniving at the slave trade, and of deriving enormous sums from the traffic. The Creole planters complain of these exactions, and are anxious to overturn the Spanish rule. It is from them that the American filibustering expeditions have obtained their chief encouragement. The sugar planters of the Southern States do not generally desire annexation, as it would be against their interests to compete with Cuban sugars admitted free of duty. But at the same time they cannot tolerate the idea of Cuba being made free, and they all declare that the United States would be justified in declaring war against Spain were she to free her slaves. If the island were purchased by the Americans its resources would be developed to an extent that can scarcely be exaggerated. A small armed force could maintain order, instead of the large army which Spain has to keep up, and the value of the estates would be immensely increased. The political view of the question is involved in great difficulties, of which at present it is impossible to see any satisfactory solution. All hope of moral agencies operating for the good of the slaves is absent, from the corrupt state of society in the island. "If the Roman Catholic Church," says Mr. Russell, "had maintained its hold on the affections of the people, it would surely have helped to soften the lot of the slaves, which is now a disgrace to humanity and the age in which we live."

In the meteorological portion of his work Mr. Russell states many remarkable facts regarding the great atmospheric currents of the North American continent, with the disturbances produced by local and incidental causes. The recapitulation at the close of the chapters on this subject presents a consistent and clear theory of the climatology of that part of the world. From the influence of the great tropical currents the variable weather of remoter regions is accounted for on general principles; and Mr. Russell believes that when the telegraph is laid across the Atlantic, the sudden irruption of the winter storms of Britain may be anticipated several days before they occur, and precautions taken against their violence.

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DR. COLLIER need scarcely have prefaced his book by a formal apology for writing on a theme apparently so remote from passing interests as the so-called Plague of Athens. It was an event memorable in itself, and is invested with still more perennial celebrity by its having had Thucydides for its historian. Nor can anything that throws light on the nature or results of epidemic diseases be regarded as devoid of immediate and practical use, since even in these advanced times of science they are generally involved in mystery, and baffle the resources of medical art. The subject might, indeed, have been discussed in one of the medical journals, and a briefer paper might have sufficed for its technical discussion. But the author being a classical scholar as well as a medical man, has taken a wider view of the question, and has justly considered that its elucidation would interest other than professional readers. The result is a little volume containing a graphic and clear narrative of this remarkable episode in ancient history, with explanations that have not been offered by previous commentators on Thucydides. The epidemic, as all classical scholars and students of Greek history remember, appeared at Athens, B.C. 430, at the opening of the second year of the Peloponnesian war. The suffering and desolation caused by it were terrible, and the disturbance of the social and moral framework of the Athenian commonwealth, as well as the physical calamities that it caused, are well known. The political feeling of the state was not, however, affected, and it is one of the grandest instances of patriotism on record, that in the midst of domestic sorrow and personal suffering no voice was heard dissuading from a rigorous prosecution of the war which threatened the independence of the country. The epidemic is described by Thucydides, not in professional terms but in popular language, as he himself witnessed and felt its power. As a piece of literary description his account has always been greatly admired, and Dr. Collier remarks that "the more it is scrutinized, the more it will be found to combine precision of method with closeness of detail; and, while serving as a guarantee

for his fidelity on other topics, it may even be regarded as a model of symptomatology." The epidemic is commonly spoken of as the Plague of Athens, and those who have not closely examined the language of the historian, have taken it for granted that it was a visitation similar to the pestilences of later periods and other parts of the globe. Dr. Collier, however, after a minute critical analysis of the symptoms as described by Thucydides, identifies the disease as the *scarlatina maligna* of modern nosologists. A mistranslation of the word *φλύκταινα*, he affirms, has been the chief ground for viewing the epidemic as the plague, most translators having described them as pustules or boils, whereas they denote vesicles or blebs. The other parts of the description appear to agree accurately with the symptoms of a severe epidemic of *scarlatina maligna*, as ingeniously and learnedly shown in Dr. Collier's treatise.

Professor Forchhammer's four little books possess much interest, not merely from the curiosity attaching to the subjects themselves, and the ability with which they have been treated, but as fair average specimens of the irregular or extra-official activity of an intelligent German professor. It is well known, and the fact is greatly to the credit of these gentlemen, that they do not usually consider all claims upon them satisfied by a mere routine discharge of the duties of their respective offices, but are continually coming forward with independent publications, intended to illustrate some branch of literary or scientific research. The number of such academical papers in Germany and Scandinavia is really something astonishing, and the additions thus made to the public stock of information on abstruse subjects must be considerable indeed. Two of Professor Forchhammer's monographs, excellent specimens of their class, relate to questions of ancient topography, which it is impossible to investigate with any satisfaction, except at a greater length than our space will allow. We must limit ourselves to expressing our satisfaction at being informed, seemingly on good grounds, that the plain of Troy is, in all essentials, the same as when it was trodden by Hector and Achilles, and with admiring the exquisite map, for which he is indebted to Lieutenant Spratt, of the British navy, which certainly gives a much better notion of the spot than we should have imagined possible. We see many "a vale in Ida," any one of which we may imagine the haunt of the disconsolate Eneide; we see "topmost Gargarus," and "Ilion's columned citadel," and the tombs of Ajax and his fellow warriors, and the stony channel of the Scamander, still half dry from the wrath of Vulcan, and have the consolation of knowing that all these things are laid down rightly, for have they not been determined by an English theodolite? Less interesting as a whole, the Professor's essay on the topography of ancient Thebes is valuable for many incidental remarks, especially for a description of the moist and muddy nature of the Boeotian soil, which goes far to explain the proverbial hebetude of the inhabitants. In his agricultural essay the writer shows clearly that the ancients had some elementary notions of drainage and drill husbandry, and were well acquainted with the fertilising properties of the deposits of birds, for which, however, they certainly did not visit the Chincha Islands. The architectural treatise is ingenious, but we are not sure whether Professor Forchhammer allows sufficient weight to the moral qualities which have, after all, always mainly determined the architecture of a nation. The stiff ponderous architecture of the Egyptians was the faithful reflex of their whole civilization and national life; this the ingenious Greek refined, adorned, or corrupted in his Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian; Roman practical science gave the arch, which Christian aspiration raised as with wings, pointed as with flame, and crowned by the heaven-ascending spire. Our present hopeless confusion and chaotic mixture of all styles, is perhaps an indication that modern civilization travails and groans till she be delivered of a new style, as different from that of those mediæval times from which we now receive our best models, as

the spires of Salisbury from the colonnades of the Parthenon.

Cuthbert St. Elme, M.P., or Passages in the Life of a Politician, appears to be the work of a young writer, or at least of one who has had little experience either of the political or the literary world. The account of Cuthbert's grand speech in Parliament, and the wonderful effects it produced, with many such passages, show the author's innocence on such subjects. But there is a good deal of cleverness and tact in the story, and some of the incidents are told in a way that will fix the reader's attention. The flight of Lady Norah with Sir Hugh Dawnay, and the adventures of her brother and cousin in pursuit of the fugitives on the Continent, form the theme of many stirring chapters. The crossed love of Ida and Cuthbert is another thread of sad hue but important substance in the story. In the last chapter dramatic retribution is made to overtake the villain, Sir Hugh Dawnay; and Cuthbert St. Elme, with less buoyant spirit but chastened heart, finds refuge from painful recollections, and from the troubles of life, not in a monastery, but in public affairs, taking a share in the government of the country. For years he is alone in the battle of life, but at length he turns towards the Edith who has loved him long, and whom he makes the partner of his toils and honours. Simple in plot, and not displaying any deep knowledge either of life or character, the story is yet interesting from the manner in which a few striking scenes and incidents are developed in the narrative. A piece of affection, answering the purpose also of spreading the manuscript over the regulation three volumes, is the following chapter, which we transcribe entire:—"The days followed each other, and the weeks. Then the summer sun was shining as Ida's spirit passed away." These words, with the heading of 'The Universal Guest,' occupy a page. The author must avoid affectation like this in any future novel, the appearance of which we will gladly welcome.

The choice of a profession is a matter of constantly recurring solicitude, and of frequent difficulty. Besides all considerations of individual resources and of personal fitness, there has to be taken into account the actual condition of the several professions in this country at any particular time, and the prospects that they hold out to those who aspire to enter them. It is chiefly to supply information on this latter point, that the volume by Mr. Byerley Thompson is offered to the public. It gives a view, with ample statistical details, of the various occupations which now claim the title of professional. Formerly, there were three learned professions, the law, medicine, and the church, with the army and the navy, after which a broad line of demarcation marked off the pursuits of trade and industry. But now there are many other callings which are viewed rather as professions than branches of business. The mercantile marine is not now so distinct from the navy in the social position and education of its officers. The public civil service attracts a large number of the higher as well as the middle classes. The various branches of art are included in professional employments. Architects, civil engineers, actuaries, and other kindred callings, have assumed a new place in our social system, and the profession of education, with better claims than many others, is struggling with less success to rise in the scale of public opinion. Literature, too, has become a profession of influence since the press has taken its prominent place among the institutions of the country. There is, therefore, a larger range of choice than in former times, but the increase of population, and the excessive competition in most of these callings, still render the selection of the right sphere of active labour in life a difficult problem in many a family. The perusal of Mr. Thompson's work will afford good materials towards coming to a right conclusion. On any of the details of his work we have not space to enter, but the statements may be depended on for their accuracy, and the advice and suggestions are mostly of a practical kind. The author's personal experience of the law enables him

to speak more decidedly and with more authority on this than on some other professional callings. His statements of the expense of education and of living, and of the small chances for the majority of ever making a living, are enough to frighten most youths from this road to professional position. The chances of success at all, he says, "are very remote, and his hopes of remunerative income with the first ten years rationally small, during which period, a barrister, unless he have some other means of exerting his powers, must live on his own resources or those of his friends." The revenues of the church are spread over a far wider number, and the medical man has not only his own country, but the colonies and the whole world before him for the exercise of his calling. The remarks on art and literature as professions present many points deserving consideration. Although the difficulties attending the choice of a profession are fully stated, the author does not conceal the fact that the chances of failure are as great and the examples of success as few in ordinary occupations of commerce and trade. Unless a man is possessed of capital, or is early adopted into an established connexion, from motives of relationship or otherwise, the man of business will be longer in rising to a position to command a good income or acquire a fortune, than in a profession. Business has this advantage, however, that a much larger number of capacities are fitted to its pursuit. In its lower branches it is almost a matter of routine, and all exceptional cases are capable of being acted upon, after advice with others of better understanding or larger experience. Mr. Thompson's opinions on the preliminary education advisable previous to the choice of any calling or business are judicious and liberal, and his book is one which is calculated to have a good influence by its general spirit as well as to prove useful by its special information. The most recent official statistics bearing on the subject are included in the work or the appendix.

The sketches of Our College are smart in their way, though the style and humour as well as the matter of the book are written down to the level of the average undergraduate mind. In *Lodgings, A Bet and its Consequences, The Gyp's Son, Preparing for Little-Go, A Few Portraits, Going to See an Execution*—such are the titles of some of the papers, from which the scope of the whole may be readily guessed. Whether the sketches have before appeared in a university magazine we are not aware, but they are of the class that would be read with avidity in such a publication, and some of them will also highly entertain the ordinary circulating library reader.

One of the tricks of a country fair is the getting up of a shain "row," in hope of attracting a crowd, amidst the rivalry of competing shows and establishments. Something of the kind seems to be attempted in the case of a new novel entitled *The Hobbies*, the appearance of which has been heralded by announcements and advertisements of unhappy family differences, which we are too charitable to suppose are real. The work was first advertised as edited by Julia Kavanagh, and after a good deal of squabbling and explanation, a new title-page bore the name of Morgan Kavanagh, while a fly leaf announced that the publisher had been induced to withdraw Miss Kavanagh's name from the title-page. A letter, entering into detailed accounts of this affair, was transmitted to us, but we spared our readers the trouble of reading what could only gratify an idle curiosity. The only statement of importance to any one not of the Kavanagh family, was that large portions of the work, as it was presented for publication, were in the lady's handwriting, and that the whole bore evidence of having been carefully revised and approved by her. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites*. Nor is the book itself worth the stir that has been made about its authorship. It has cleverness, but of a rough stamp, and the incidents and characters are often exaggerated and unnatural. The details of the scenes in Miss Winkle's boarding-house are offensive to taste as well as trying to patience; and if there has really been any dispute beyond that which figures on the

title-page, we hope that it arose out of Miss Julia Kavanagh objecting to some parts of the work, greatly inferior in style, if not in matter, to other tales that have borne her name. Some of the incidents of the tale are amusing from their very absurdity. Even in Irish life, who ever heard of a "jittleman" sending to say that he would be proud to wait on you, but could not because his unmentionables were in pledge, and begging you to lend him ten shillings to get them out, promising a hundred-fold for the accommodation when he comes in for his kingdom! The profanity as well as coarseness of this will suffice to warn most of our readers from *The Hobbies*.

Just in time to be of use in the discussions on the medical bills now before Parliament appears Part I. of a Report by Dr. Edwin Lee, on the Medical Organization in France, Italy, Germany, and America, with application of the facts to the Medical Profession in Great Britain. On all other questions, as in the recently mooted one of military education, inquiry was made as to the systems in use in foreign countries. It is remarkable that in the projects for medical reform so little reference has been made to the medical legislation of other nations. Dr. Lee's work presents a summary of information on this subject, with an account of the state of the profession as organized in this country, and critical comments on the rival bills of Mr. Headlam and Lord Elcho which are now before Parliament. Dr. Lee has objections to both bills, but prefers that of Lord Elcho in its main features, with the exception of the nomination of the whole of the proposed Council of Health by the Government. Mr. Headlam's bill he considers, in its chief scope, to be a scheme for extending and perpetuating the monopoly and privileges of existing corporations, without due regard to the interests of the public, or, as it is more tersely affirmed, "a plan for increasing the funds of colleges." We have every hope that under discussion in committee, the second reading having passed, the best features of both bills will be incorporated in one satisfactory measure. Were it not for the privileges and vested rights of the old medical guilds and corporations of the three kingdoms, legislation would be comparatively easy. These rights it will be difficult to interfere with, but the colleges might still retain the power of conferring degrees, the honour or advantage of which might be supplementary to the essential certificate of qualification, to be obtained only from the examiners appointed by a Central Medical Council.

Ample details and minute directions on the subject of the positive colodion process in photography will be found in the treatise by Mr. Thomas Sutton, an experienced operator, and the author of several publications that have been well received. One advantage of the book is, that the reader is supposed to be almost a novice in the art, and the advices and directions are of the simplest and clearest nature, rendering it scarcely possible to fail in following them. Some of the hints on photographic portrait painting are so obvious, that it is astonishing how they need to be given. For example—the unpleasant expression commonly observed is the result of the sitter being made to look at too strong a light. The pupils are contracted, the brows contracted, and the eyelids drawn together, and altogether a look of painful discomfort given to the features, besides the eyes themselves having a dead fishy look. The simple remedy is to make the sitter direct his eye into a dark passage or corner of the room, when the pupil of the eye will dilate, the muscles around be relaxed, and a pleasant and undistressed expression of the countenance be obtained. A light floorcloth serves to throw up a subdued light, which relieves the shadows under the brows. On other arrangements and operations of portrait-painting the writer's remarks are equally sensible and practical. In fact, after the technical skill of the photographer is acquired in the preparation of the materials and the use of the camera, there still remains a large margin for the exercise of ingenuity, and the rarer endowment of

common sense in the operator; for often, with the same instrument and in the same room, portraits of most widely diverse merit will be produced. Mr. Sutton's is a very useful elementary treatise on the colodion process.

Davenport Dunn, by Charles Lever, a new serial, of which the first part has appeared, promises to be an amusing book, in which some of the prevailing social follies and types of character of the day are satirized. The story opens at a hydropathic establishment, which, like poverty, is said to bring together strange and incongruous associates. This is a very good starting point for the purpose of introducing the characters of the tale, of the merit of which it would be premature to give fuller opinion.

Lorimer Littlegood, another tale to be produced in monthly parts, is a biography, the general tenor of which, we presume, is indicated in the name of the hero. The opening chapters display smartness of a certain kind, but the attempted imitation of the exaggerated style of Mr. Dickens and his school is too obvious. Mr. Boshier the attorney, Weazel, Mrs. Peck, and the preternaturally sharp boy of the London streets, are all old characters with new faces.

New Editions.

The Baths of Germany, France, and Switzerland. By Edwin Lee, M.D. Third Edition. Churchill.

The third edition of Dr. Lee's work on the Baths of Germany, France, and Switzerland, contains much additional matter, derived both from personal observation and from local publications and correspondence. It forms a compact and complete Handbook to all the continental baths of common renown, and the style is adapted for popular use, without any sacrifice of professional or scientific accuracy.

Miscellaneous Pamphlets, &c.

Wonderful Adventures of Mrs. Seacole in many Lands. Edited by W. J. S. J. Blackwood.

The Stepping-Stone to Grecian History. By a Teacher. Longman and Co.

Block Plans for the New Government Offices and Approaches to the New Palace of Westminster. By a Practical Man.

Sunbeams for all Seasons. Part I. Houlston and Wright.

Orange Blossoms. Edited by T. S. Arthur. Knight and Son.

First Annual Report of the Dumb Nurse Society. Brighton: Curtis and Son.

THE Autobiography of Mrs. Seacole, well known in Crimean annals, is a work that needs little recommendation. A clever editor has put her recollections into readable shape, and her story has many points of singular interest, not only as a personal narrative, but as illustrative of the life of the British soldier on foreign service. Mary Seacole is a Creole, born in Jamaica. Her father was a Scotch soldier, and her mother kept a hotel in Kingston, so that from her parents jointly she inherited the tastes that determined her career. From her mother she acquired great skill in doctoring and nursing. In Kingston, Mrs. Seacole has long been known to the troops on the West India station, and her later services in the Crimea are universally celebrated, though as yet insufficiently acknowledged. Mr. Russell, 'The Times' correspondent, who has already borne testimony to her merits and services, says in a brief preface to this volume, "If singleness of heart, true charity, and Christian works; if trials and sufferings, dangers and perils, encountered boldly by a helpless woman on her errand of mercy in the camp and in the battle-field, can excite sympathy or move curiosity, Mary Seacole will have many friends and many readers. She is the first who has redeemed the name of 'sutler' from the suspicion of worthlessness, mercenary baseness, and plunder; and I trust that England will not forget one who nursed her sick, who sought out her wounded to aid and succour them, and who performed the last offices for some of her illustrious dead." Before the Russian war, Mrs. Seacole spent some time as mistress of a store and hotel at Cruces and Panama, at the time when the Isthmus was the scene of a perpetual traffic between the old States of America and the new region of California. Her

recollections of this period of her life will have novelty to many readers, but the accounts of the British Hotel at Spring Hill—Day and Martin's, as it was called in the camp—with the associations belonging to it, form the chief interest of the book, and give to it a historical place among the illustrative records of the war. Mrs. Seacole and her editor very wisely abstain from any comments on military or political affairs, but the remarks on the social and moral elements of the host that besieged Sebastopol are not without real value for the historian. Of the general character of the various nations gathered in that region many strikingly illustrative anecdotes are told. The Sardinians are at the head of the list, and the Greeks at the bottom, as to character. Many reminiscences of Crimean adventure are here noted which do not find a place in books of higher pretension, and which might otherwise have been lost. One instructive chapter is that which tells of the difficulty Mrs. Seacole had to get out to the Crimea, where she proved as useful in her sphere as Miss Nightingale in hers. If her book reaches the officials in the War Office and other red-tape establishments, they will feel ashamed of their treatment of Mrs. Seacole, and atone for it by now being amongst her warm eulogists and liberal friends.

Sunbeams for all Seasons is the title given without rhyme or reason to a selection of extracts in prose and verse, professing to be chiefly applicable to the common affairs of life. The arrangement is alphabetical; ability, absence, activity, and so on. The majority of the extracts in the first number are of a trivial and ordinary kind. On Birds, for instance, there is a set of jingling lines from one of the cheap periodicals of the day, and many other pieces have as little connexion with common business of life as they are suggestive of light for any season. Any common-place book cannot fail to present some matter worthy of perusal, but we can scarcely conceive a selection made with less taste or sense than this. It is an absurd attempt to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, or less likely literary weeds.

A selection of papers on questions connected with matrimony and domestic happiness, from a large work on the same subject by T. S. Arthur, is published under the title of *Orange Blossoms*, for all who have worn, are wearing, or are likely to wear them. The writer apparently is an American, the occurrence of terms not likely to be familiarly used by an English author revealing the original source of the book. The topics of the papers are of course equally adapted for both countries, the social usages and domestic life of which are more akin than their political ideas and public proceedings. In its sketches of character, its formal counsels, earnest admonitions, and illustrative anecdotes, the volume has the elements of utility to those for whose special use it is compiled, and will prove an appropriate gift-book for young married people.

A record illustrating the multiplication and subdivision of British charity has this week fallen in our way, in the shape of the First Annual Report of the Dumb-Nurse Society, an institution at work in Brighton for helping poor mothers to bring up their infants. Why dumbness should be an advantage in a nurse puzzled us, till we found that the machines better known as 'baby jumpers' were intended, the object of the Society being to lend them out to mothers, so as to ease them of the fatigue of carrying their children, and leave them free for household work. This is a refinement of charity not very complimentary to maternal invention or instinct. In North America the Indian squaws wrap the children tightly in swaddling bands from the toes upwards, and in this mummy-like state they are either laid recumbent, or are made to stand erect strapped to a board. The 'baby jumper' is certainly far preferable, as admitting of juvenile activity; and some poor mothers may be benefited by this dumb-nurse charity, the matron of which bears the appropriate name of Mrs. Muzzle. Cases are cited where good has been done. If the benevolent founders of the society save one

child from the quietus of Godfrey's Cordial they will not have laboured in vain.

List of New Books.

- Biers' Projection, 8vo, cloth, 3s.
 Bohn's Classical Library, Pliny, vol. 6, post 8vo, 5s.
 ——— Scientific Library, Bohn's Manual of Technical Analysis, 5s.
 ——— Illustrated Library, Guide to Knowledge of Pottery, 8vo, 5s.
 Bowdler's (C.) Religion of the Heart, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Bowman's Questions on McLeod's Class Atlas, 15mo, sewed, 1s.
 Brennan's Composition, People's Edition, 1s.
 Bucknill's (J. C.) Unsoundness of Mind, 2nd edit., 12mo, cl., 4s. 6d.
 Comyns' (H.) Rose Morrison, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Conington's (J.) Choephora of Æschylus, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.
 Costal, by G. Ferry, crown 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
 Cuthbert St. Elme, 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth, 21 11s. 6d.
 Dinzie's (E.) Healthful Musings, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Dufferin's Lord Letters from High Altitudes, 8vo, cloth, 21s.
 Evangelical Preacher (The), vol. 2, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
 Falkland's (Viscount) Chaw-Chow, 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, 30s.
 Gore's (Mr.) Cas les in the Air, 12mo, boards, 2s.
 Graham's (Rev. W.) Spirit of Love, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Gray's Empire and the Church—Constantine to Charlemagne, 12s.
 Greenwood's (Col.) Bain and Rivers, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 ——— (J. G.) Greek Grammar, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
 Gay Livingstone, post 8vo, cloth, 9s.
 Hind's (Bishop) Three Temples, 3rd edit., 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Hymns for Private Use, in large type, crown 8vo, 2s.
 Jack Ashor, 12mo, boards, 2s.
 Jerrold's (D.) Porci ilo of Well-Known Portraits, post 8vo, 2s.
 McDonald's (G.) Poems, 12mo, cloth, 7s.
 ——— Within and Without, 2nd edit., 12mo, cloth, 6d.
 Muller's (J. S.) Bible Testament, with Critical Notes, 12mo, cl., 5s. 6d.
 Milton's Paradise Lost, Selections from, by R. Demans, 18mo, 1s. 6d.
 Morell's (J. D.) Hand-Book of Logic, 2nd edit., 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Osborne's (Amy) Ellen, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.
 Parleur Library, vol. 166, Hussar (The), 12mo, boards, 2s.
 Rankin's Abstract, vol. 25, post 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
 Reed's (H.) Lectures on the English Poets, 8vo, sewed, 3s.
 Russell's (W.) North America, 8vo, cloth, 14s.
 Seacole's (Mrs.) Wonderful Adventures, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.
 Sharpe's (S.) New Testament, with Critical Notes, 12mo, cl., 5s. 6d.
 Spalding's (W.) Introduction to Logical Science, post 8vo, cl., 4s. 6d.
 Violet; or, the D-d-n-e-n-s-e, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.
 Webster's (N.) Dictionary, with Walker's Key, 8vo, cloth, 10s.
 White's English Dictionary, square, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Who are Really Happy? 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
 Wilberforce's (E.) and Blanchard's (E. F.) Poems, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Willis's The Pilot (Sequel to Swiss Robinson), 3s. 6d.
 Wilson's (J.) Star of Bethlehem, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 ——— Tales of the Borders, vol. 4, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.
 Xenophontis de Cyl Minoris Expeditionis, Libri Septem (Oxfo.), 2s.

ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

ANNA GURNEY.

THE remarkable qualities of a lady who has lately been removed from the wide sphere of beneficence and usefulness she filled in so beautiful and striking a manner, deserving of admiration and of imitation, must not pass away unnoticed.

Anna Gurney was the youngest child of Richard Gurney, of Keswick, near Norwich, one of the three brothers, among whose immediate descendants Mrs. Fry, Joseph John Gurney, Hudson Gurney, and his half-sister Anna, are best known to the public; but whose spirit of munificent charity is still to be traced through all the wide ramifications of Gurney, Buxton, Hoare, &c., which have spread from that root. In this numerous race wealth, and the noble employment of wealth, may be regarded as an inheritance, and have survived the separation of nearly all the family from the religious society to which they originally belonged, and from which (be it said) they derived this their highest distinction.

The father and mother of Anna Gurney were strict Friends, and to her death she preserved a simplicity of dress and a certain peculiar kindness of manner which are among their distinguishing features. But her character was her own, and was developed by circumstances which, to women in general, would seem entirely incompatible with usefulness or happiness.

She was born in 1795. At ten months old she was attacked with a paralytic affection, which deprived her for ever of the use of her lower limbs. She passed through her busy, active, and happy life without ever having been able to stand or move. She was educated chiefly by an elder sister and other near relations, and as her appetite for knowledge displayed itself at an early age, her parents procured for her the instructions of a tutor, whose only complaint was that he could not keep pace with her eager desire and rapid acquisition of knowledge. She thus learned successively Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; after which she betook herself to the Teutonic languages, her proficiency in which was soon marked by her translation of one of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles.

In 1825, after her mother's death, she went to live at Northrepp's Cottage, near Cromer, a neighbourhood almost peopled by the various branches of her family. Northrepp's Hall was the country residence of the late Sir T. Fowell Buxton, whose sister, Sarah Buxton, lived with Miss Gurney on a footing of the most intimate and perfect friendship.

In 1839, Miss Buxton died. Miss Gurney, to whom this loss was entirely irreparable, continued to inhabit her beautiful cottage, and found consolation and happiness in dispensing every kind of benefit and service around her. She had procured, at her own expense, one of Capt. Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of seamen wrecked on that most dangerous coast; and in cases of great urgency and peril, she caused herself to be carried down to the beach, and from the chair in which she wheeled herself about, directed all the measures for the rescue and subsequent treatment of the half-drowned sailors. We can hardly conceive a more touching and elevating picture than that of the infirm woman, dependent even for the least movement on artificial help, coming from the luxurious comfort of her lovely cottage, to face the fury of the storm, the horror of darkness and shipwreck, that she might help to save some from perishing.

But everything she did was done with an energy, vivacity, and courage, which might be looked for in vain among the vast majority of those on whom Nature has lavished the physical powers of which she was deprived. She devoted her attention to the education as well as the material well-being of the poor around her, by whom she was justly regarded as a superior being—superior in wisdom and in love. To the children of her friends and neighbours of a higher class she was ever ready to impart the knowledge with which her own mind was so amply stored. Even little children found her cheerful and benignant countenance and her obvious sympathy so attractive, that the wonder and alarm with which they at first watched her singular appearance and movements were dispelled in a few minutes, and they always liked to return to her presence.

It may be supposed that Miss Gurney did not live in such constant intercourse with Sir T. F. Buxton without imbibing his zeal in behalf of the blacks. She maintained up to the time of her death a constant and animated correspondence with missionaries and educated negroes in the rising settlements on the coast of Africa. Well do we remember the bright expression of her face when she called our attention to the furniture of her drawing-room, and told us with exultation that it was made of cotton from Abbeotoca.

Miss Gurney died, after a short illness, on the 6th of June last, and was buried by the side of her beloved friend and companion in the ivy-mantled church of Overstrand. We hear from a correspondent that above two thousand people congregated from all the country side to see the beloved and revered remains deposited in their last resting place.

We can easily believe it. But it is not her benevolence, great as that was, which prompts this homage to her memory. It is that which was peculiarly her own—the example she has left of a life, marked at its very dawn by a calamity which seemed to rob it of everything that is valued by woman, and to stamp upon it an indelible gloom, yet filled to the brim with usefulness, activity, and happiness. She was cut off from all the elastic joys and graces of youth; from the admiration, the tenderness, and the passion which peculiarly wait on woman from the light pleasures of the world, or the deep happiness and honoured position of the wife and mother. What, it might be asked, remained to give charm and value to such a life? Yet those who knew Anna Gurney would look around them long to find another person who produced on those who conversed with her an equal impression of complete happiness and contentment. Her conversation was not only interesting, but in the highest degree cheerful and animated. When talking on her

favourite subject—philology, she would suddenly and rapidly wheel away the chair in which she always sat and moved, to her well-stored bookshelves, take down a book, and return delighted to communicate some new thought or discovery. Never was there a more complete triumph of mind over matter; of the nobler affections over the vulgar desires; of cheerful and thankful piety over incurable calamity. She loved and enjoyed life to the last, spite of great bodily suffering, and clung to it with as much fondness as is consistent with the faith and the hope of so perfect a Christian.

May some murmuring hearts and some vacant listless minds be seduced or shamed by her example into a better and more thankful employment of God's gifts!

MODERN FEMALE AUTHORSHIP.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Allow me to direct your attention to a matter which, as a woman and a British subject, has much occupied and moved my mind of late—I mean, the prevalent tone of female literature, or of books written by females in our own day. That this is none of the purest and best kind, has been sadly evidenced by works recently issued from the press—bearing names, too, of marked celebrity.

There is a theory abroad (which he who first propounded it no doubt considered very philosophical), that "there is no sex in mind"—and that while the volume of nature, with all other stores of learning, science, and art, are alike patent to every one, it is of little moment, provided positive talent be exhibited, whether the pen be wielded by male or female hand. I will not pause here to discuss the truth of this axiom, or enter upon the oft-mooted question of the possible equality of intellect in the sexes, merely remarking, *en passant*, that it appears neither practicable nor desirable that there should be a dissimilarity between the mental organization and capabilities of the man and the woman. But granting, for argument's sake, that the case might be otherwise, I can see no good, but much evil, in the actual result. If there is in reality no sex in mind, *there ought to be*; and every true woman, let her talents be what they may, would never wish it otherwise, any more than she would wish to alter the fashion of her physical frame. Such fallacies are truly of a piece with the late vociferous outcry touching the rights of woman, of which most sensible people are now weary. But returning to the main point, let me advert briefly to one or two of our most popular authoresses.

Scarcely has the poetical world (with few exceptions) recovered from its raptured trance at the vision of 'Aurora Leigh,' when another appears in the public arena, eager to revive the fictions of a certain female mind, to whom we cannot soberly accord a becoming rank as a novelist. I allude to the 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' by Mrs. Gaskell. In regard to Mrs. Browning, surely her undisputed genius has led her, in the present instance, to play strange tricks, and fall upon most questionable expedients for its full development. And with all the power of ripened thought and knowledge of human nature which her volume exhibits, it is an unfeminine, and therefore an unnatural, nay, we are tempted to add, also a dangerous work, inasmuch as other poetasters of her own sex, seeing how certain improprieties may be tolerated, or even beautified, so to speak, under the touch of genius, will be only too prone to follow so far in the track, and thus the purity of female taste, if not the modesty of female feelings, be vitiated and undermined. Yet, how have the public generally, and reviewers almost *en masse*, lauded this epic of the day as nearly Shakspearian in scope and detail! In 'Blackwood's Magazine,' indeed, we do find a faithful analysis of the merits and demerits of this natural transcript of the author's experiences; and the following passages testify to the evil effects it may produce:—

"We doubt not, that before a year is over, many poems on the model of 'Aurora Leigh' will be written and published; and that conversations in

the pot-house, the casino, and even worse places, will be reduced to blank verse, and exhibited as specimens of high art." "To signify the mean is not the province of poetry; let us rather say that there are atmospheres so tainted that in them poetry cannot live." And how melancholy the conclusion with which a second impartial critic very gravely closes his remarks, that 'Aurora Leigh' is not a book which one woman would properly choose to present to another." Yet this is the very poem which has enchained young and old, poor and rich in its perusal, and the better-minded few have not dared to lift their testimony against it, in the face of its author's admitted capabilities.

Passing from verse to prose, perhaps no modern stories from a female pen have exercised a more potent spell on the reading multitude than 'Jane Eyre' and her successors. And though it were a task doubly unworthy now that the grave has closed on her, to demonstrate the gross errors into which, through force of circumstances and other causes, that unhappy writer fell, yet in respect of one still living, who, calling herself friend, seeks to reanimate to greener memory all those personal and domestic failings and calamities which it were wiser to smooth down into oblivion, permit me to say just a few words. The legitimate end of all literary composition is to make both writer and reader wiser, happier, and better—granted. Then is any amount of talent and genius in a printed work sufficient to compensate for a palpable moral dereliction? Assuredly not. So says sober reason. But is the world's fiat always in consistency with its verdict? I fear not always at first, though conscience will speak at last. And where is the wisdom, let me ask, of casting a halo of romance round the miserable early life and training of a family whose only surviving parent one must in charity conclude to have been all along more or less of insane mind? Why trace so minutely the wretched history of a soul like Charlotte Brontë's—superior it may be, yet subjected to harsh and disagreeable influences? and why so intermix with the narrative every coarse and offensive anecdote that can be gathered to bear on the subject? For example, why dwell on a brother's career of vice while seeking to exalt the unhappy sister? We all know that there are many ill-assorted households; and when genius is reared amid such scenes, there is no marvel that it grows up strangely perverted and grossly out of joint. But excrescences are not beauties. And when these tend to affect the tone of literature through the female pen, distorting that lofty moral standard which is the glory of our island home, although our pity may be excited, certainly never should it be ours to foster or extol.

For my own part, I can say with most truthful sadness, that though I have access to some of the best libraries in the country, I am often sorely puzzled in the selection of books proper to put into the hands of my own daughters. The graver reading demands occasional alternation with the gay. The perusal of a good wholesome novel I do not conceive to be without its uses. But the great mass of popular and clever fiction appears on the whole such an unweeded garden, that I frequently know not whither to turn, lest I should lead my children, alas! into a sorry quagmire, instead of into a sweet-scented and healthy pleasure-ground.

Oh for a poetess among us of the imperial power and purity of our own Felicia Hemans! the current of whose high-sounding thoughts flowed deep and majestic from a heart unswayed as the mountain spring. Oh for a thorough universal reformation of our present female literature altogether! And ye authoresses especially to whom God has given vast and varied gifts of intellect and fancy, why will ye falsely frustrate them—why will ye temporize with the vulgar spirit abroad, which is ever craving after the coarse, the fiery, the unclean? Consider the responsibility of your position. Look to the liege lady of the land, whose high moral discipline in her court, as in her family, has enthroned her with tenfold security in the hearts of her people; and let me entreat you

as a friend—as a sister, to pause, to re-consider, to remodel the temper of your works. Cleave henceforward to the lofty, the holy, the beautiful, the true—give us fresh and glowing pictures (and they may be genuine still—for nature and humanity are infinitely diversified) of life and its thousand tender experiences, and thus, while conferring upon your readers an elevating and improving joy, your name will go down with blessings to future generations.—I remain &c.

G.
Glasgow, June 30th, 1857.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT CONTAINING A PORTION OF THE FUNERAL ORATION BY HYPERIDES.

As I had a few years ago the pleasure of making known the discovery of the papyrus MS. containing some lost orations of Hyperides, which was obtained by Mr. Arden, at Thebes, in Egypt, and published a year or two afterwards by that gentleman, under the careful examination and editing of the Rev. Churchill Babington of Cambridge; so now I have again the gratification of briefly describing another papyrus MS., containing a great portion of another oration by the same Greek orator.

First, as doubts have often been expressed about the pronunciation of the word Hyperides, I will observe that the name of this illustrious Athenian is considered by many writers as common in the length of the penultimate syllable, and the word is written either *ὑπερίδης*, with an *ι*, or *ὑπερίδης*, with a single *ι* or *iota* only. Even if it were not considered common, Hyperides, short, is much more harmonious than Hyperides, long; besides the custom, with most ordinary scholars, is, I believe, to pronounce it short. So, Alexandria in Egypt is universally pronounced short; and no one is so pedantic as to give it its proper long quantity of Alexandria, for it is written in Greek *Ἀλεξάνδρεια*, with a diphthong *αι*.

Secondly, the account of the discovery of this last MS. is, according to Mr. Babington, the following.

This gentleman tells me, in a letter which he kindly favoured me with on the subject, and dated April 13th last, that the Rev. Mr. Stobart procured this papyrus in Egypt last year, and sent it to the British Museum, by the trustees of which institution it was purchased. There are about a dozen columns of this papyrus considerably larger than those of Mr. Arden's MS.

Mr. Birch informed Mr. Babington of this papyrus, and the latter gentleman obtained leave from the trustees of the British Museum to transcribe the whole of it. This took place in February and March last.

The papyrus appears to have been in a very broken condition, but Mr. Babington had no great difficulty in arranging the fragments, and in copying the whole text. He thus describes the MS., which is not so good as that of Mr. Arden, nor is it so ancient; he thinks, however, that it is not later than the third century of our era, and the orthography of the scribe is barbarous:—

"The MS. consists (1) of half a column, which appears to be the latter half of the opening one; (2) of ten undoubtedly continuous columns partly mutilated, which probably immediately followed the preceding; (3) of two continuous columns complete; (4) of about a quarter of another column; and (5) of four or five small fragments, of which scarcely any use can be made. Each column contains from thirty-three to forty-four lines, and each line, on an average, about twenty letters."

"Of the ten continuous columns seven are either quite perfect, or so little damaged that they can be restored with tolerable certainty. Two others are mutilated considerably, and a third is split down the middle, the larger half being probably absent."

Mr. Babington states "perhaps the greater part of the oration is here preserved." And he thinks it is the famous funeral oration, or *ἐπιτάφιος λόγος*, of Hyperides, which Sauppe, in

his 'Frag. Orat. Att.' (p. 292), calls "Oratio apud veteres clarissima."

Now, how does Mr. Babington ascertain that this is an oration of Hyperides at all? In this way: Stobæus has preserved the following passage from an oration of Hyperides—"τοῦ αὐτοῦ (scilicet Ὑπερίδου). Φοβητὸν οὐκ ἀνδρὸς ἀπειλῇν, ἀλλὰ νόμον φωνῇ κυριεύειν διὰ τῶν ἐλευθέρων." And in fragment ii., column 8, the papyrus has, "ὁ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς ἀπειλῇν ἀλλὰ νόμον φωνῇ κυριεύειν διὰ τῶν εὐδαίμωνων," which last differs from that in Stobæus chiefly by the word εὐδαίμωνων being given for ἐλευθέρων.

Again, in this MS. the orator mentions Leosthenes (over whom this "funeral oration" was evidently delivered), the Athenian forces, and their allies, the city of Lamia, and Antipater.

And, thirdly, as to the year in which this oration was spoken. Now, the siege of Lamia, or the Lamian war, is supposed to have commenced in the summer of B.C. 323; in that affair Leosthenes the general was killed by a stone (or as Justin, xiii. 5, says by a weapon) thrown at him from the walls. Again, from Diodorus Siculus (lib. xviii. cap. 13), it appears that mention is made of an ἐπιτάφιος λόγος, or, as he terms it, ἐπιτάφιος ἔπαινος, of Hyperides after the death of Leosthenes, in his praise, and in that of those soldiers who had been killed in the war. The exact account is as follows:—"Leosthenes being struck with a stone on the head, died on the third day afterwards, and being buried with heroic honours, on account of his valour in the (Lamian) war, then," continues Diodorus, "ὁ μὲν δῆμος τῶν Ἀθηναίων τὸν ἐπιτάφιον ἔπαινον εἰπὼν προσέταξεν Ὑπερίδῃ." Consequently, the celebrated ἐπιτάφιος ἔπαινος, or "funeral panegyric," was most probably delivered by Hyperides, in pursuance of the desire of the Athenian Demos, in June or July, at the commencement of the Greek year, B.C. 322, after Leosthenes was killed. And it is, at all events, interesting to think that this, in all likelihood, was one of that orator's last speeches, because he himself was put to death in the autumn of the same year (322 B.C.) by Antipater.

Scholars will be glad to learn that Mr. Babington is now busy in editing and annotating upon these fragments, which he hopes to have ready in a few months; and that the Council of the Royal Society of Literature have granted to him the sum of sixty pounds from Dr. Richard's bequest towards the publication of this very important manuscript. JOHN HOGG.

P.S.—Since this communication was written, Mr. Babington has informed me that he "has now made out that a fact mentioned by Harpocration, as confirmed by the ἐπιτάφιος of Hyperides, agrees with this papyrus."

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

M. LEVERRIER, Director of the Observatory at Paris, announces that in the night of the 23rd ult. M. Dien of that establishment discovered a comet in the constellation of Perseus, but that the direction it will take has not yet been calculated. The same gentleman, in the sitting of the Academy of Sciences on Monday, announced the discovery of another planet, the forty-fifth in number. The discovery was made by M. Goldschmidt, an amateur astronomer, who quite recently discovered the last new planet—the forty-fourth—which has not yet been named. The position of the planet No. 45, which is also nameless, is not stated.

The task of naming the last planet discovered in Paris has been confided by the discoverer, M. Goldschmidt, to the venerable Baron Humboldt.

Mr. E. Percival Wright, A.B., T.C.D., Honorary Secretary of the Dublin University, has been elected Director of the Dublin University Museum, in the room of the late Dr. Ball.

During the week ending 27th June, 6041 persons visited the South Kensington Museum in the day-time, and 8017 in the evening, being a total of 14,058. We hear that the privilege of opening the museum at night is not confined only to the

two public evenings in the week, but that the Committee of Council on Education have sanctioned an arrangement by which scientific and artistic societies are allowed the use of the whole or some specified part of the museum, or the lecture theatre, upon paying a fee which covers the expense of gas and attendants. The Chemical Society held a meeting in the museum on the 1st inst., when the whole building was lighted. The Fine Arts Club, also, have held their June meeting in the division appropriated to objects of ornamental art, and various members of the club have consented to allow the examples exhibited on that occasion to be left open to public inspection for ten days. We may particularize among these Mr. Octavius Morgan's collection of watches, Mr. Marjoribank's remarkable enamels, and Mr. Uzielli's Majolica.

While the Queen and the court were on the way to Manchester, to visit the Art Treasures' Exhibition, the House of Commons was voting the sum of 48,855*l.*, to complete the sum of 73,855*l.*, required for the Department of Science and Art for the year 1857-58. Some discussion occurred on the vote for the South Kensington Museum, but the general feeling of the house was in favour of liberality in regard to this new school of art. Notwithstanding the sneers at the architectural design of what are irreverently called "The Brompton Boilers," the internal arrangements of the Kensington Museum have elicited universal praise, and the site will be retained for the general art collections, though it has been decided that the national picture gallery is to be established in the more central situation of Trafalgar-square. Ten years ago the parliamentary grant to the Department of Science and Art was only 6219*l.* Of the 73,855*l.* now voted, 6198*l.* is for the Geological Museum in Jermyn-street, and 5172*l.* for the Geological Survey in Great Britain and Ireland. For the Royal Dublin Society, and the museums and kindred institutions of that part of the kingdom, the sum of 13,000*l.* was voted. For the New Industrial Museum and the Natural History Museum in Edinburgh, 1888*l.* On the same evening, the House voted for Public Education in Ireland 143,030*l.*, including 17,900*l.* for Agricultural Training Schools. 3602*l.* was voted for the University of London, 5010*l.* for the Scottish Universities, 1625*l.* for the Queen's University, and 3200*l.* for the Queen's Colleges in Ireland; 300*l.* for the Royal Irish Academy, and 200*l.* for the Royal Hibernian Academy. We hope that the two latter learned bodies are making progress with the Irish Dictionary, the completion of which is one inducement to the cheerful voting of these grants.

The ancient and venerable system of academic degrees is receiving a new and wide development. We have lately recorded the Oxford resolution to grant certificates and titles to Associates throughout the country, passing examinations though not having attended the University. Cambridge is taking steps in the same direction. These minor degrees are evidently intended to compete with non-academic corporations, as well as with universities of more modern foundations. In these times of scientific progress and extended education, the old universities were in danger of losing their connexion with the bulk of the nation, in whose eyes mere classical and mediæval learning presented less claim to distinction than in past generations. For most of the purposes of life a certificate of the Society of Arts, or of the College of Preceptors, or some other special institution, gave greater guarantee of practical competency than a college degree. The Universities of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, and other schools where modern science occupies a larger proportion of the attention of students than at Oxford and Cambridge, have also diminished the value, for practical purposes, of the academic degrees and titles once most highly prized. But it is too late for the old universities to expect to retain a monopoly of these honours. Public opinion is the court of appeal by which the claims of every learned corporation must be tested, and there will now be ample rivalry in granting titles of honour and certificates

of education. The Royal Dublin Society has just issued a prospectus of examinations to be held periodically in Kildare-street, with the view of granting certificates, both of general learning and of acquirements in special branches, such as agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. A list of books for the direction of candidates is published, and the names of the examiners, including Professors Galbraith, Houghton, and Ingram, Drs. Madden, Hancock, Carson, and others well known in science and literature, give assurance that the scheme will be efficiently carried out. The time is at hand when almost every educated man will be able to attach some handle to his name, the possession of which will serve as a testimonial of some amount of study and some degree of competency. The system may be carried too far, but the result will be rather absurd than detrimental, as each individual's claims to special consideration will depend on personal merit, and not on these official testimonials.

The Surrey Archæological Society held their Fourth Annual General Meeting on Monday at Dorking, under the presidency of Henry Thomas Hope, Esq., who had invited the Society to assemble at The Deepdene. An excursion to Wotton Park, the seat of William J. Evelyn, Esq., being included in the programme of the day, the number of members and visitors was almost as large as was attracted to the recent meeting at Lambeth Palace. John Evelyn, the Evelyn of the Sylva and the Diary, has recorded the delight which he had in going over from Wotton in 1655, to see "Mr. Charles Howard's extraordinary garden at Dipden," and old Aubrey, some years later, described the place as "an epitome of Paradise and the garden of Eden well imitated." The beauties of the Deepdene have been increased since the property was purchased early in the present century by Thomas Hope, "Anastasiu Hope," while the house has been enriched with many treasures of art by the present worthy inheritor of the estate. The business of the meeting was chiefly of a formal character, and speedily transacted, that time might be given for viewing the beautiful grounds, as well as the objects of art in the house, including the valuable pictures and the magnificent collection of Etruscan vases. The noble hall has among its ornaments the justly admired Jason of Thorwaldsen. Wotton Park offers even greater attractions to visitors of literary as well as artistic and archæological tastes. Old John Evelyn's description of the place is full of enthusiasm, and in his own quaint and graphic style. "The house," he says, "is large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen, it may be compared to one of the most tempting and pleasant seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse to render it conspicuous." As to its site, he tells how it is built on part of Leith Hill, "one of the most eminent in England for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit, though by few observed; from it may be discerned twelve or thirteen counties, with part of the sea or the coast of Sussex in a serene day." The grounds were improved by the author of the Sylva, who did as much for introducing a better taste in landscape, architecture, and gardening, as Mr. Hope, of the Deepdene, at a later period, did for restoring and extending taste in the classical decoration of English mansions. In designing the grounds of Wotton Park, John Evelyn could boast of "giving an example to that elegance, since so much in vogue and followed, for the managing of waters and other elegances of that nature." The view all around, as well as inside the Park, is redolent of classic and historical associations. Norbury Park, and Juniper Hill, where Fanny Burney became Madame D'Arblay, and The Rookery, where Malthus lived and wrote, and Bletchworth Park, the residence of Abraham Tucker, the author of 'The Light of Nature Pursued,' and many other scenes awaking pleasant literary recollections, are seen from the heights above Wotton.

And then in the house there is the original manuscript of the Diary and of the Sylva, letters of Charles I., and a prayer-book stained with the blood of the royal martyr, and many curious and precious relics besides, which were exhibited by the present representative of the family, himself an accomplished scholar and zealous antiquary. Nor must we forget the old church, opening from the north aisle of which is the monument-room or sepulchral chapel of the Evelyns. Here John Evelyn was laid in 1706, having reached his 86th year. The inscription on his tomb closes with these words—"Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, he learnt, as he himself asserted, this truth, which pursuant to his intention, is here declared, that 'all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid Wisdom but in real Piety.'" A visit to Abinger, with its venerable church, part of which is of Norman date, while the pointed arches and lancet windows of other portions are memorials of other times, concluded the peripatetic proceedings of the day. Through the liberality of the owners of the Deepdene and of Wotton, and the good arrangements of the Council of the Society and its active Honorary Secretary, Mr. Webb, a more enjoyable excursion could scarcely be made, as was expressed at the dinner in the evening at Dorking, when Professor Donaldson, "Cratylus" Donaldson, returned thanks for himself and Professor Pillans of Edinburgh, and other strangers who were present. We have said that the business of the meeting was chiefly formal, but one proposal made by Mr. Flower, and adopted by the Society, will have important bearings on the archaeology of the district. Mr. Flower suggested that a series of epochal maps should be prepared, showing the condition of the county at different periods, under the Romans, under the Saxons, at the date of the Domesday Book, and at some later epoch—say Edward III.—for the preparation of which he believed the materials were ample. Whether in separate maps, or on one map, these chronological facts could be easily indicated, and a most interesting historical record obtained in a novel form.

Mr. Charles Dickens drew so large an audience to his reading of his Christmas Carol for the Jerrold Fund on Tuesday, that a repetition of the reading was announced for next week. Hundreds were unable to obtain admission to St. Martin's Hall. The first of the series of benefits last Saturday was far less successful, spite of the number and variety of attractions in the programme. The room was not more than three-parts filled, but those who were present had abundant entertainment. Mr. Sims Reeves sang a new ballad composed by Mr. Shirley Brooks, but neither the music nor the words were worthy of the occasion. Madame Clara Novello, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Miss Dolby, Herr Ernst, Signor Bottesini, and other professional musicians of eminence, gave some of their best performances. Mr. Albert Smith recited the engineer episode of his Egyptian Hall monologue, and sang his Galignani Song. Miss P. Horton gave a selection from her Protean characters, and Mr. Robson at midnight had just concluded his humorous scene of a country fair. The intense heat of the weather may account for a larger audience not having been present at a *pot pourri* of performances by so many popular favourites.

Harrow 'Speech Day,' for which the 3rd July was appointed, has been the last but not least attractive of the annual school festivals and commemorations. There was a strong muster of old Harrovians, and the speeches, essays, and poems were at least up to the average of such occasions. Under Dr. Vaughan, Harrow maintains its high reputation, although both in the system of education and in discipline, the influence of modern innovations, as they are deemed, is more repelled than in others of the great public schools. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Dean Trench, and Canon Wordsworth, an old Harrow master, were present during the proceedings of the day.

A very interesting archaeological discovery has just been made at Plombières in France—the

conduit of a Roman bath, with a cock in brass, which cock turned without any great difficulty, and caused water to flow as when first established, yet according to all appearances it has been upwards of one thousand four hundred years buried in the earth—the bath to which it belonged having it is believed been destroyed by the savage troops who followed Attila into France. Another interesting discovery has also been made in France—that of a Frank cemetery at Chelle, department of the Oise. Stone coffins, bones of men and women, rings, buckles, &c., have been found in it.

As a specimen of the way in which "they manage things in France," it may be stated that to a society which was recently established in Paris for relieving deserving scientific men who may fall into distress, two railway companies have given 200*l.* each, the Chamber of Commerce of Lille 80*l.*, an eminent dyer 200*l.*, a bank 200*l.*, and several bankers and manufacturers 40*l.* each. Assuredly there is no lack of generosity in England, but we doubt that mere mercantile enterprises would consider themselves called on to contribute to any purely literary or scientific object.

It is not without surprise that we read in a pamphlet just published in Paris, on "The Budget of Public Instruction and of Literary and Scientific Establishments," by M. Jourdain, that the Government of England disburses more for public education than that of France. Thus, M. Jourdain says, that whilst in France a sum of 11,150,431*fr.* is only allowed for primary instruction, the Parliament of England grants 10,000,000*fr.* in addition to the revenues of scholastic foundations, and of the national and other societies. Taking the number of pupils, it appears that whilst the French Government pays 1*fr.* 60*c.* per head, the English Government (excluding of course the revenues referred to) pays 2*fr.* 25*c.* In France, the total sum allowed for building, repairing, and furnishing schools is 1,490,000*fr.*; in England it is 1,937,029*fr.* In France, for sixty-nine normal schools 1,309,938*fr.* are spent annually; in England, thirty-one such schools, about 999,000*fr.* For 4 Inspectors-General and 281 Inspectors France pays 723,000 francs, including travelling expenses; for 12 Inspectors and 40 Sub-Inspectors England pays 756,000*fr.* Lastly, to make up the salaries of schoolmasters, France grants 3,439,197 francs—England nearly 5,000,000*fr.*

The fourth number of Hermann Weiss's 'History of Costume, Household Architecture, and Domestic Utensils,' has just appeared, and fully justifies the praise awarded to the earlier numbers in the columns of the 'Literary Gazette.' Such a book, at a moderate price and in a convenient form, was particularly wanted in the present day, when artists attend more to the cultivation of their minds, and endeavour to acquire a detailed knowledge of all the accessories of their profession. Herr Weiss has given particular attention to the climate, habit, and spirit of each country of which he treats, and shows in his illustrations the deductions he draws from the peculiarities of each people. His work has so far attained not only to fame, but to great success in a mere mercantile view; it is to be found on the shelves of most of the German artists. The drawings are carefully executed, and the letter-press is clear and printed on good paper.

Several slight shocks of earthquake were experienced in France on the night of the 16th. The towns of Limoges and Nevers, and their neighbourhoods, and the whole of the province of Burgundy, were visited. In some places the walls of houses were slightly cracked, but generally only furniture and household utensils were shaken. The shocks were accompanied by a rumbling noise, a fall in the barometer, thick clouds in the sky, and much electricity in the air. The Academy of Sciences will no doubt make an investigation of the phenomenon.

A St. Petersburg letter says that the Russian government has decreed that the right of property in literary, musical, and artistic productions, which at present lasts twenty years after the

death of the authors, shall be prolonged to fifty years.

An action of considerable literary interest is now pending before one of the courts of Paris. Amongst the many persons attacked and defamed in the recently published 'Memoirs of Marshal Marmont,' is Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, Napoleon's son-in-law and Viceroy of Italy. What Marmont alleges against him is that he disobeyed the orders of Napoleon in 1813-14, to bring an army from Italy to France, to assist in repelling the invasion of the allies, the result of which refusal was that the French were defeated, and Napoleon was compelled to abdicate; and Marmont maintains that this refusal under the circumstances was downright treason to the Emperor and to France. The Dowager Empress of Brazil and the Queen of Sweden, sole surviving children of Eugène Beauharnais, grievously hurt at what they proclaim to be a calumny on their father's memory, demand that the publishers of the Memoirs shall in all future editions be compelled to insert letters, dispatches, and other documents, which in their opinion prove that their father, at the time in question, did all that he was ordered to do or could do, and that consequently Marmont's assertions are a gross libel. The decision of the court is waited for with considerable interest. If it be in favour of the Empress and the Queen, the family of every person attacked in the book will of course be entitled to have refutations inserted; and the refutations will in bulk exceed the Memoirs.

A treaty for the mutual protection of literary and artistic property is likely to be shortly concluded between France and Russia.

Breslau papers announce the death, on the 7th of June, of Doctor Wagner, classical professor in the university of that town, at the age of forty-six. Dr. Wagner was celebrated both in his own and other countries for his profound knowledge of the classics, and from his writings on Plato.

FINE ARTS.

THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

THE long expected award of prizes for the designs for the Government offices has at length been made, and we now look forward to the fulfilment of Sir B. Hall's remaining pledge, that the successful works are to be exhibited again by themselves in Westminster Hall. Of the decision of the judges with respect to the block plan few will be able to form an opinion. That the first 500*l.* prize has been carried off by a Frenchman, M. Crepinet, shows the impartiality of our referees, and perhaps also the great experience which French artists have had in laying out large spaces and grouping blocks of building. The remaining prizeholders are Mr. Hastings of Belfast, 200*l.*, and Messrs. Morgan and Phipson, of London, 100*l.*

The first prize, of 800*l.*, for the War Office elevation, has been gained by Mr. H. B. Garling. This gentleman, we believe, executed the decorations of the large room at Exeter Hall; and will be remembered to have submitted, some years since, an excellent design for remodelling the façade of the present National Gallery, without disturbing the line of front or altering the interior. The present design, marked *Fortiter et fideliter* (77), is in an elaborate and ornate style, which comes under the general head of Renaissance, exhibiting many original features of ornament. (See *ante*, p. 447.) The drawings are shaded with unusual care; and the architectural effect of the design is most impressive. The second prize, of 500*l.*, is won by a Frenchman, M. d'Hazeville, *Deus atque jus* (75). This was another conspicuous design, also in the school of French Renaissance; resembling the Tuileries in general effect. The third (300*l.*) is of the Elizabethan or English Renaissance order, labelled *Anglo-Saxon* (61), by Mr. J. T. Rothead, of Glasgow. Fourthly (200*l.*), comes the beautiful Gothic design, called *Cymru* (140), by Messrs. Prichard and Seddon, to which we assigned the preference amongst the Gothic examples in our

former notice (*ante*, p. 447.) The remaining three, of 100*l.* each, are given in the following order:—*Corona* (20), by Mr. C. Brodrick, where a Corinthian design has been allowed to participate, and is amongst the best of that order of architecture (mentioned *ante*, p. 447); *Au bon Droit* (60), by Messrs. W. G. and E. Habershaw, the plans for which were of remarkable number; and *Westminster* (126), by Mr. John Dwyer, of Great Marlborough-street.

The first prize for the foreign department (800*l.*) is carried off by Messrs. Coe and Höfland, of Dane's Inn. *Utilitas* (94) is in the Renaissance style, and will be remembered for the display of light and shade in the drawings, and its elaborate design (see *ante*, p. 447). Messrs. Banks and Barry gain the second (500*l.*) with their *Opera*, &c. (58). This was an elaborate design, the surfaces nicely broken, with a semicircular arcade on the second story. Next comes Mr. G. G. Scott (300*l.*) with the Gothic design, *Nec minimum meruerit decus*, &c. (116). This asserted pre-eminence at once by its masterly form. The fourth (200*l.*) is Italian Gothic, with arcades, coloured arch-stones, and hipped roof; an elegant design by Messrs. Dean and Woodward, of Dublin. *Thou hast covered my head*, &c. (35). To this we assigned a high place. The fifth (100*l.*), which may be described as Italian Renaissance in style, something resembling Whitehall in the design, Z. B. (17), by Mr. Bellamy. The sixth (100*l.*), *Suaviter et fideliter* (54), is by Messrs. Buxton and Habershaw; and the last 100*l.* is won by Mr. G. E. Street, with a highly picturesque Gothic design—*A Vailants Cœurs*, &c. (128).

That such pre-eminent names as those of Barry, Scott, and Street occupy only secondary positions in the above lists may excite some wonder, but it is not difficult to imagine that the stern necessities of construction may in some degree qualify the flight of imagination—in short, that it is easier to design than to execute. Mr. Beresford Hope has already remarked in the House of Commons, on Thursday night, that no one has obtained prizes for both his block plan and his elevation, so that the prize buildings and prize ground plans do not fit together: but this consideration was evidently not within the province of the judges. As a whole, we must think that they have discharged their onerous office with great impartiality, taste, and success.

THE MARY STUART COLLECTION.

THE impolicy, persecution, and severity in the punishment of political enemies is strikingly shown in the history of opinion with respect to Mary Queen of Scots. Had she been allowed to die a natural death, she would probably only be remembered as a bad Queen and a not very reputable woman. Her judicial murder—for murder it was—whatever might be thought of its expediency at the time, produced a reaction against Elizabeth's government and the Established Church, and has invested the name of its erring victim with an undying interest. Three hundred years have elapsed since she laid her head on the block; but even in this unimaginative nineteenth century the veriest daub of a portrait, the glove she wore, the lace she embroidered, the letters she traced, are regarded with something like the veneration with which Catholics are said to regard the relics of a saint. We seem to have gone back to the days of the Apostles, when "handkerchiefs and aprons," which Paul and Barnabas had touched, were treasured up with reverence by the early Christians; only in the present case the object of so much veneration was remarkable for anything but sanctity.

We cannot say that we altogether sympathise with this feeling. However we may execrate the crime of Elizabeth, and pity the misfortunes of Mary, we have no such affection for her memory as to feel a very intense emotion on beholding her glove or her brooch. Still we have been interested in the memorials of a striking scene in our great historical drama.

The first thing that strikes the observer, after a

hasty look, is the great dissimilarity of the portraits between themselves. We used to learn at college that "Things which are equal to the same are equal to one another;" and we concluded that if all the portraits resembled the original, one would not have brown, another dark hair; one would not have a long face, another a short one; one would not represent the nose as straight, another as crooked. But so it is. We might place the portraits of one type beside those of another, and no one would suppose that they were intended for the same person. Nevertheless, even though we have never seen the original, we can form some idea of whether a portrait is like or not. A real likeness will always have a character about it which amounts to a sort of internal evidence of its authenticity.

The veritable portraiture of Mary Stuart has long been an enigma, in the solution of which pen and pencil have been exerted. Some persons, we apprehend, may have been inclined to overlook the true bearing and purpose of an extended comparison of conflicting evidence, and the advantages accruing more especially in default of any sufficient National Portrait Gallery in this country, from the ample means of arriving at certain possible conclusions, for which we have now been indebted to the good taste and energy of the Archaeological Institute. Some, casually and for the first time embarking in the "Marian Controversy," may have seen in the series in Suffolk-street no more than "confusion worse confounded," and objected to the archaeologists of our day, as to the antiquarians of an earlier period, the infirmity of ever aiming at the exposition of the *ignota* by the *ignotius*. But it is easy to cavil, in a hasty review, at the chameleon lineaments, the irreconcilable variance, the fallacious disguises, in which the so-called portraits of Mary Stuart present themselves in this, the most ample opportunity for their comparison hitherto afforded. It is far more difficult to approach the inquiry with due consideration to the grounds of especial difficulty and ambiguity whereon it must ever stand. So long, however, as we recognise the essential interest of becoming conversant with the living expression and characteristic features of those who occupied a stirring or eminent position in their day, so long as we seek to realize our appreciation of their character or conduct by familiarity with their features,—"sic oculi, sic ora,"—so long will the physiognomy of Mary Stuart be a subject of consideration to which few can remain indifferent.

It has been observed that no inappropriate accessory to such a collection, formed for the special purpose contemplated by the Institute, might have been supplied by a series of portraits of some well-known personage of our own times, delineated at various ages, and under all the varieties of artistic skill which the respective limners or engravers might possess. It is true that the discrepancies in expression or feature, which such a comparison of productions of modern art would probably reveal, could scarcely be so irreconcilable as in the case under consideration; but it may be borne in mind, in regard to the portraits of Mary Stuart, that the conditions under which they were produced were such as inevitably to occasion the greatest variation in their character. The very cause which led to the multiplicity of these portraits,—that enthusiastic interest associated with the history of Mary of Scotland, not only at the period of her ill-fated career, amidst all its party impulses and violent antipathies, but in times long subsequent, has brought with it those discrepancies which it is sought to reconcile. It may be confidently asserted that, in all probability, two or three painters only, of her times, were actually favoured with the opportunity of portraying Mary Queen of Scots from the life; the reproductions of her physiognomy, idealized too frequently beyond the widest limits of pictorial license, and more in harmony with the traditional interest so deeply associated with her memory, than conformable to the semblance of her features, were, no doubt, in many instances, traced by unskilled hands, and

from worthless authorities. Whilst certain painters of higher class, Zuccaro, Sir Antonio More, and even Van Dyck, as some suppose, may have delineated with some degree of artistic truth the features which they never could have seen. To others, such as Sir John Medina, Jameson, and Bernard Lens, must, as we believe, be attributed a large proportion of so-called Mary Stuarts, for which we seek in vain to discover any prototype of her period. Zuccaro, to whom the majority of the earlier portraits are attributed, came from Italy to England in 1574, and it is utterly improbable that any foreign painter should have been permitted to have access to the Queen under the then existing circumstances, and the jealousy with which all opportunities of communication with the Continent were cut off. There is, indeed, a trace of some evidence that a painter, of whose name we are ignorant, came to Chartley during the time that Mary was there incarcerated, namely, from December 1585, to her removal to Fotheringay in September of the following year.

Zuccaro, it will be remembered, had left England some years previously, and was at that time completing some important works at Rome, which had led to his being invited to Spain by Philip II., about 1585, to decorate the Escorial. We are indebted to the Prince Alexander Labanoff, the editor of the invaluable materials for the history of Mary comprised in his collection of her correspondence, for some valuable remarks prefixed to his privately printed description of the portraits of Mary Stuart in the possession of the prince. During her residence in France, he observes, from 1548 to 1561, from the age of six to her eighteenth year, it appears to be ascertained that two distinguished painters of the period, Francois Clouet, called Janet or Jehannet, painter in ordinary to Francis I., Henry II., and their successors, as late as Henry III., and Peter Porbus, painted the youthful Mary from the life. Janet probably first produced her portraiture in 1555, when Mary sent a portrait of herself to her mother, Mary of Lorraine, at that time Regent of Scotland. To this period may be assigned the pleasing portrait in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, of which copies may be seen in the series collected by the Archaeological Institute; as also the very curious painting of the period exhibited by Mr. Dominic Colnaghi, and another from the collection of Beriah Botfield, Esq., M.P., at Norton Hall, Northamptonshire.

The pencil of the court painter was again called into requisition not many years after, when he delineated anew the features of the widowed queen in 1560.

Several of Janet's original sketches exist in France and in this country, representing Mary in the *Deuil blanc*, as she appears also in the small portrait from Hampton Court, which, by permission of the Queen, has been placed in the series exhibited, with the other portraits and miniatures preserved in the Royal collections. Of the drawings by Janet, of this period of Mary's widowhood, the most interesting is that, with its companion portraiture of Darnley, exhibited by Dr. Wellesley, and obtained a few years since on the dispersion of one of the contemporary collections of heads of the great personages of the period, formed by the court painter either as types for his own use, or for the gratification of some distinguished collector. The drawing and the portrait, from the Royal Gallery, closely correspond; the latter is much faded, and has suffered by time and exposure to strong light. It presents, however, the most important link in the chain of evidence, since the panel on which it is painted bears the brand-marks P.R. and C.R., with a crown, proving that it belonged to Charles I. previously to his accession. There is moreover the following note, in the handwriting of the keeper of King Charles's pictures:—"Queen Marye of Scotland, appointed by his Majesty for the Cabinet roome. 1631. By Jennet." This valuable portrait, formerly at Kensington Palace, is almost the only one of which so distinct a pedigree can now be ascertained.

The full-length portrait contributed by Her Majesty, from Windsor Castle, is a picture of touch-

ing interest. The Queen appears in the precise costume worn by her, as related in contemporary narratives, at her execution. In her left hand she bears the ivory crucifix, on her bosom hangs her gold cross, which came into the possession of the Earl of Arundel, and is exhibited by Mr. Howard, of Corby Castle, in the collection formed by the Institute. A representation of the execution at Fotheringhay, appears in the background of the picture, her faithful attendants stand near her. This remarkable memorial has sometimes been attributed to Mytens; it was doubtless produced in the reign of James I., and at no distant period from the fatal close of Mary's life. The interest of this portrait is much enhanced by comparison with the features of the monumental figure on Mary's tomb in Westminster Abbey, sculptured about twenty years after her death. A cast from this finely characterised portraiture, which must be regarded as one of the most important types in the collection, is exhibited by Sir Henry Ellis.

On a future occasion we may offer some remarks on the other portraits, many of them of great value and apparent authenticity, contributed by Mr. Howard of Greystoke Castle, Mr. Botfield, the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Frazer Tytler, Lord Duncan, &c. The authorities of the Bodleian Gallery have liberally permitted the celebrated portrait from their collection to be sent to London: it now appears as it was left by Wilkie, who detected the existence of a previous painting under that with which we have been so long familiar. Of the portrait thus removed from the surface, to reveal one of less agreeable aspect, two excellent copies are produced by the Principal of Jesus College and by Dr. Bandinel. The miniatures exhibited are numerous, and present a very important feature in the evidence before us. They have been chiefly contributed by Her Majesty, by the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Norfolk, Miss Pettit, Mr. Magniac, Mr. Henry Danby Seymour, Mr. Henderson, and several other collectors. None surpasses in authentic originality the highly-finished miniature by Oliver, formerly in the Neville Holt collection, and exhibited by Mr. F. Graves. This, unfortunately much faded, may be regarded as the most undeniable example in the whole series. Of those in Her Majesty's possession two are of the highest interest; and one of these, which has been ascertained as having belonged to Charles I., may possibly have been in the possession of Elizabeth, and be actually the portraiture which she held half concealed in her hand on the occasion of her playful dalliance with Sir James Melvil at the interview in 1564, of which he has preserved so characteristic a narrative.

One of the distinctive details we have noticed, as presenting a test of authenticity, is the colour of Mary's hair, which certainly varies considerably in her portraits. This, however, is not a conclusive argument. Soon after the removal of Mary from Bolton to Tutbury Castle, 1569, a gentleman of the English court, one of Cecil's subordinate colleagues, Nicholas Whyte, passing to Ireland, diverged on pretence of visiting the Earl of Shrewsbury, Mary's keeper. His curiosity to see the royal captive was not in vain. Mary readily received him: he relates all that occurred in a letter to Cecil, Feb. 26, 1569. The Queen conversed freely with him. He describes her as "a goodly personage (and yet in truth not comparable to our Sovereign); she hath withal an alluring grace, a pretty Scotch accent, and a searching wit, clouded with mildness. Her hair of itself is black, and yet Mr. Knollys told me that she wears hair of sundry colours." This piece of information, as Miss Strickland has observed, settles one of the minor subjects of controversy in regard to Mary Stuart.

We must defer to a future notice our observations on the numerous contemporary engraved portraits, of which the entire collection has for the first time been produced together, with a solitary exception—namely, the very rare engraving by Elstrack, portraying Mary with Darnley, full-length figures. Of this desideratum an admirable

photograph is shown, taken by the skilful art of M. Caldesi, under Mr. Colnaghi's directions.

On the application of the late Sir Joseph Banks to Horace Walpole, at the request of George Chalmers, the biographer of Mary Stuart, to obtain his opinion in regard to the true standard of her characteristic features, he replied as follows:—"I never could ascertain the authenticity and originality of any portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, but of that which is in the possession of the Earl of Morton, and which was painted when she was a prisoner at Lochleven. There are copies of it at St. James's, at Hatfield, and Hardwicke."

"Vertue did not think that the fine head in a black hat, by Isaac Oliver, in the King's collection, and which Vertue engraved, when it was Dr. Mead's, was a portrait of her. He also doubted of that at Chiswick, which he engraved for Lord Burlington, and said to be painted for her by Zuccherò, when married to Frances II.; but it is not clear that Zuccherò ever saw her, nor is the nose like that in Lord Morton's picture, which agrees with the figure on her tomb at Westminster; in both, the nose rises a little towards the top, bends rather inwards at the bottom; but it is true that the profile on her medal is rather full too. Yet I should think that Lord Morton's picture and the tomb are most to be depended on."

"There is a whole-length of Mary at Windsor, but it must have been painted after her death, for in the back ground is a view of her execution. The picture in one of the company's halls in the City, from which there is a print, and said to be Queen Mary with her son, three or four years old, cannot be genuine; for I think she never saw James after he was a year old."

The exhibition will continue accessible, at the rooms of the Archæological Institute in Suffolk street, until the 8th July. Messrs. Colnaghi propose to give a choice selection of types of the Mary Stuart portraits by aid of photography, and a detailed description of this remarkable collection will appear hereafter in the Journal of the Institute.

The Annual Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists opened in Paris on Monday, but from some mismanagement, a considerable number of the pictures and statues accepted by the jury were not hung up or placed, and a very great proportion indeed of the works exhibited bore numbers which did not correspond with those in the catalogue. According to the catalogue issued on the opening day, the works exhibited consisted of 2715 paintings, 427 pieces of sculpture, 140 engravings, 95 lithographs, and 87 architectural designs. Our letters do not speak highly of the exhibition as a whole; indeed, to tell the truth, they say that it is a poor one. Neither Ingres, nor Ary Scheffer, nor Decamps, nor Delacroix, nor Rosa Bonheur, nor Flandrin, nor other painters of note, have sent anything at all; and the popular painters and sculptors who do exhibit display nothing very remarkable. Horace Vernet has a *Battle of the Alma*, which is neither better nor worse than the majority of his battle pieces; but which is rather annoying to Englishmen, from the fact that whilst it represents the French driving the Russians before them, it shows only two English soldiers—one of whom is being carried off the field wounded, and the other of whom is helping a wounded Frenchman to limp along. The same artist exhibits a portrait of Marshal Bosquet, and one of the Emperor on horseback; and it may be said of both of these, that he has done better. M. Pils, an artist not yet of European fame, has a *Disembarkation of the French Troops in the Crimea*, which displays remarkable power of execution. There are a great number of other pictures illustrative of the late war, of various degrees of merit; but in the whole of them, we are told, not a single English soldier figures! Of the Emperor's visits to the terrible inundations in the centre and south of France last year there are numerous paintings, but none are good. Meissonnier has seven small pictures, each exquisite. Dubuffe has some portraits of the Empress and her ladies of honour,

and a large canvass representing the signing of the treaty of peace, with portraits of the plenipotentiaries. Muller has a *Reception of the Queen of England by the Emperor and Empress at St. Cloud*; Courbet three or four paintings which are free from the extravagant "realism" by which he has gained notoriety; Cossmann has a nude female at her toilette, and the head of a Huguenot, which, though badly hung, excite attention; Hamon five or six paintings, the figures in which bear a marvellous likeness to those of preceding productions; and Gerome, Jalabert, Ph. Rousseau, Jeauron, Biard, and others of more or less renown, also exhibit. The exhibition is remarkable in two respects—first, from the singularly small number of religious, and next, from the very large number of familiar subjects which it contains. The exhibition of sculpture is, on the whole, very fair; and it is noticed that—rather a rare thing in France—many of the statues and busts are decked with gilding. The engraving department testifies to the marked progress which the French have made in engraving of late years. The exhibition is held in one of the vast galleries of the Palace in the Champs Elysées, which was built for the universal exhibition of 1855; the gallery is divided into saloons by means of drapery, and the lighting of it is excellent.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

If any doubt could have lingered in the judgment of that section of the public by whom Shakespeare is appreciated in his integrity, concerning the principle upon which Mr. Charles Kean has conducted his "revivals," we apprehend that the production of the *Tempest*, on Wednesday night, must set it at rest. The newspapers are, as usual, enraptured with the "scenic appliances," as they are designated in the play-bill; and we confess, when we read the notices of the *Tempest* in the columns of our contemporaries, we were touched with a little remorse for not having long since fulfilled our promise of showing the corrupting effect which all this stupendous carpentry and upholstery exercises upon our current theatrical (we can no longer call it dramatic) criticism. But we will take an early opportunity of returning to this branch of the subject.

In none of the "revivals" is Shakespeare so completely smothered under embellishments. It may be truly said of the *Tempest*, that you cannot see the wood for the leaves. It is not that the poet is subordinated to Mr. Grieve and Mr. Telbin, which would be, at all events, the subjection of one art to another, but that he is cast into utter insignificance by the machinists, decorators, and dressmakers, to whose names conspicuous honours are awarded in the programme. The play-bill bears conclusive evidence of the overwhelming prominence given to the physical and mechanical over the imaginative, which is the essential element of the drama. The "scenic appliances of the play," says the *affiche*, "are of a more extensive and complicated nature than have ever yet been attempted in any theatre in Europe; requiring the aid of above one hundred and forty operatives nightly, who (unseen by the audience) are engaged in working the machinery and in carrying out the various effects." This statement contains, in brief, the special claim of the representation upon the regards of the spectators. The hundred and forty operatives are the real actors in this "extensive and complicated" pageant. What they do unseen is of infinitely more importance than what is done by the visible performers, who are not only secondary to the operatives, but very much in their way. The story of the *Tempest* is thrown into disorder by its adaptation to the higher demands of the ropes and pulleys; the poetry is lost upon an audience who are put out of condition for its enjoyment by the glare of electric lights, and the eternal clatter of the men who are "working the machinery," and who, although unseen, are never unheard; and what with the delays attendant upon the removal of vast masses of scenery to

make way for fresh masses, the perpetual uproar behind the scenes, and the excitement and confusion inseparable from the attempt to accomplish so many objects, with so many hands, in so small a space, the play literally goes for nothing, and would be unintelligible without some previous acquaintance with the plot and characters.

As on former occasions, we have a critical dissertation in the play-bill. From this document we learn that because Shakespeare, according to the custom of his time, introduces a masque, the characters in which are taken from the pagan mythology, Mr. Charles Kean has "deemed himself at liberty to adopt a similar view with regard to the supposed islanders" (described by Shakespeare as "strange shapes") who prepare the banquet for the King of Naples and his suite. The *sequitur* is curious. Because the poet has introduced heathen divinities into an episode, the manager considers himself entitled to introduce heathen figures into the body of the play. It might be enough to say that if Shakespeare intended the "supposed islanders" to be naiads, dryads, and satyrs, he would have invested them with those attributes himself. But Mr. Kean knows what is best for Shakespeare; and in endowing the spirits by whom *Prospero* is surrounded with mythological forms and functions, and thus continuing the masque, as it were, into the action of the play, he believes he is carrying out the true design of the piece. He apparently does not perceive its monstrous incongruity, and seems to have no suspicion that in giving an identical nature to the persons in the masque and the "strange shapes" conjured up in the island by the wand of the magician, he destroys the whole enchantment and poetical spirit of the scene. If the spells of *Prospero* could command only the well-known representatives of the Pantheon, what becomes of that marvellous world of spirits which Shakespeare is supposed to have called into existence in this play? And, above all, what are we to do with *Ariel*, who is the chief spirit of them all? If Mr. Kean had been consistent with himself he should have expunged *Ariel* altogether, or called him *Mercury*, or some other such name. Having adopted the machinery of the mythology, he still further violates critical propriety by placing the time of the play in the thirteenth century. Here we have a magician of the middle ages invoking the satyrs of the pagan period. The ground upon which Mr. Kean justifies this absurdity is characteristic. "In the play of the *Tempest*," he says, "no allusion being made to any definite period of action, I have exercised the liberty of selecting the thirteenth century as a date for costume." Why, that is the best of all possible reasons why he should have exercised no liberty of the sort. Shakespeare designedly left dim and uncertain that which Mr. Kean has thought fit to define and fix. It must be acknowledged he has done his utmost to destroy the illusions of this most exquisite drama; and we are not surprised to find him claiming credit at the close of his address to the British public for having "endeavoured to impart a generally new character" to the *Tempest*. He has undoubtedly succeeded in his endeavour.

The scenery of the piece is, for the most part, of the kind to which we have long been accustomed in ballets and pantomimes. The storm-tossed ship is the best "effect" of the whole. Without comparing it with Mr. Macready's ship, or with that memorable vessel which, under the management of Charles Kemble, sailed down the whole length of the vast stage of old Covent Garden, or with the ship of the *Corsair*, as presented either in Paris or at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Charles Kean's state barge, with its tumultuous groups, shattered masts, and sudden bursts of blue and red fire, is fairly entitled to commendation. The same ship, when it appears at the close, in a calm sea, and is moved off the stage sideways, a mode of navigation which may be included amongst the novelties of this "revival," is by no means deserving of an equal measure of applause. But the defects of the ship in this scene are forgotten in the appearance of *Ariel* in mid-air, with the electric light shining

on him, waving his hand to his master on his departure. This scenic incident would be much more effective if Mr. Kean had adhered to the text, and represented *Prospero* sailing back to his kingdom in the midst of that royal and noble company with whom he returns to the world he had so long abandoned; but Mr. Kean has the whole barge to himself. He is discovered standing alone at the poop, and from that solitary elevation he delivers the epilogue, which, with inexplicable taste, he applies, not to the character of *Prospero*, by whom it is set down to be spoken, but to his own magical labours as manager. The attention of Mr. Punch may be directed with advantage to this display.

The flights of *Ariel*, the descent of *Junio*, in a car drawn by peacocks, with some half-dozen young ladies suspended for a considerable time in the air, and the transformation of a leafless wood into rich summer luxuriance, with a banquet and dance of fruits and flowers, are skillfully executed; but these are the common resources of the ballet, with which all play-goers are familiar; and the manager who depends upon them must be prepared to advance in prodigality of outlay in proportion to the success he achieves. There is no species of entertainment of which the public weary so soon, or in which they are so *exigent*, as costly sights of this description; and having once created a desire for such luxuries, it is necessary to transcend in each successive season the triumphs of preceding years. But as this must have a limit somewhere, and as Mr. Kean is beginning to repeat himself out of sheer exhaustion, we are not without a hope that the time is coming when a healthier appetite will set in.

Of the acting it would be ungracious to speak. The loudest voices could not top the noise of the carpenters, nor the most distinguished talent make any effect upon the audience. The loss of the play was not much under the circumstances. Mr. Kean's *Prospero* needs no bush. The monotony which deals alike with all passages of tenderness or rage, of solemnity or violence, and which spreads its heavy sameness over every variety of character, was much the same in *Prospero* as it was in *Richard II.* The only perceptible difference lay in the robes. The *Miranda* of Miss Leclercq, and the *Perdinand* of Miss Bufton, were more remarkable as close imitations, unconscious, no doubt, of Mrs. Charles Kean, than as embodiments of Shakespeare's characters. The *Ariel* of Miss Kate Terry, deprived of its songs, and forced to deliver its dialogue from the summits of rocks, or in other pantomimic positions, received and deserved much hearty approbation. It was at least young, delicate, and gentle. Mr. Ryder "made up" admirably for *Caliban*, and looked savagely picturesque, but the part is quite out of his way. The best acting of the night was, as might be expected, the *Stephano* and *Trinculo* of Frank Matthews and Harley. The music composed by Mr. Hatton for the revival is wonderfully dreary; and the transfer of *Ariel's* songs to an unseen performer is a fatal mistake, even though that performer be Miss Poole.

The *Tempest* began at a quarter before nine, and was not over till nearly one o'clock in the morning. If the hundred and forty operatives cannot get through their work somewhat more quickly in future, the production will run a serious risk of meeting an untimely doom. The audience on the first night were willing to make all reasonable allowances, but they could not restrain their impatience between the acts.

The announcement of a new farce to be brought out at the Haymarket, on Monday last, excited more than ordinary interest among playgoers. It somehow transpired, during the rehearsals, that the author was Mr. Robert Bell; and people were curious to see whether he would sustain the character he had achieved as a writer of comedy after a long interval devoted to graver pursuits. Notwithstanding the intense heat, therefore, the house was full. At the close of the first piece arose that well-known buzz of expectation which *habitués* recognise as the symptom of an audience moved by

more than ordinary curiosity. When the curtain rose for the farce all were silent attention. But the silence was soon broken by hearty bursts of laughter from every part of the house, and it early became evident that *The First and Second Floor* was an unequivocal success. The action was carried smoothly and steadily forward by a very effective and sprightly dialogue. The telling points were frequent, and well led up to; and the animal spirits of the piece never flagged. The nice gradations of character are depicted with a satiric power which belongs rather to the old comedy than to the modern farce. The plot may be described in a few words. Mr. Nicholas Tripkin (Mr. Buckstone) has gone to California to avoid his creditors, leaving his wife, who goes by the name of Mrs. Nankeen (Miss Talbot), to carry on the business of a milliner in his lodgings on the first floor of a London house. Trade does not prosper, however. She is obliged to move up-stairs to the second, and her place is taken by a Mr. Fizakerley (Mr. Rogers) and his wife (Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam). The vulgar, fussy, fat *Fizakerley* falls in love with the grass-widow overhead, who receives his addresses with a sort of demure hypocritical displeasure, which is very true to nature. Meanwhile Mrs. *Fizakerley*, who is very jealous of her husband, is much taken by a polite stranger who accompanies her from Southampton in a railway carriage. Tripkin now returns from California, and unceremoniously fixes himself in his old quarters on the first floor, Mr. and Mrs. *Fizakerley* being accidentally from home. His admiration is first excited by the handsome new furniture, the pictures, the four-post bed, &c. Then dark suspicions cross his mind who could have given his wife all these fine things? He is finally driven almost to madness by Kitty's (Miss Marie Wilton) informing him that there is a master as well as a mistress of the house, and even a baby. Mrs. *Fizakerley* now returns home, and finds that Mr. Tripkin is the polite stranger of the railway carriage, while he supposes that she is in love with him, and has followed him to his house. In an agony of fear and annoyance, he forces her into the bedroom and locks the door. *Fizakerley* himself next arrives, and is taken by Tripkin for a bailiff come to arrest him, while Tripkin is supposed by him to be one of the swell-mob. It soon appears, however, that *Fizakerley* is the hated rival who is living with the lady of the house; and Tripkin, supposing her to be his wife, declares that he repudiates her, that the lady in the bedroom shall be his wife, and that they were, in fact, united in the railway carriage. Out of this hopeless *imbroglio* the several personages do not extricate themselves without showing all their vices and foibles to the best advantage. The actors were evidently thoroughly interested, and did their best. Mr. Rogers was vulgar, and injured, and perplexed, and hot to admiration. Tripkin's keen, determined, devil-may-care ruffianism, learned first in London and matured in California, was well rendered by Buckstone. His jealousy, in fact, often passed the narrow limits which separate farce from tragedy. Miss Marie Wilton's *Kitty* was inimitable. As she bustled about through the scenes, her shrewdness, her pertness, her rooted conviction that she, and not her mistress, was the important person, marked her unmistakably of that class who are born to try the tempers of ladies—and of gentlemen too sometimes. The announcement that *The First and Second Floor* was to be repeated every evening was greeted with several rounds of hearty applause.

Mr. Buckstone's annual benefit is to take place on Wednesday, when the manager of the Haymarket promises an address on the occasion of 'the 1124th night of the season.' A new three-act comedy, *The Victims*, by Mr. Tom Taylor, and a new ballet *divertissement*, are among the attractions of the programme.

We may remind our readers that next week is the last of the lively performances at the St. James's Theatre of the *Bouffes Parisiens*.

The dramatic news from Paris is unimportant. A piece in three acts, called *Les Bourgeois Gentils*

hommes, and which, like that of Molière, of nearly the same title, satirises foolish bourgeois who ape aristocracy, has been produced at the Gymnase; but it is very indifferent, and has not obtained success. Yet its authors, Dumanoir and Barrière, by their previous productions, had warranted the public in expecting something good from them on such an excellent subject. At the Théâtre Français, the *Barbier de Séville*, after a rather long slumber, has been revived, and is performed with all that exquisite finish for which the *troupe* is remarkable. A German company has been performing at the Théâtre des Folies Nouvelles, but its members are very poor actors indeed, and the pieces it has given are vulgar and insipid *vaudeville*. It consequently excites no sensation. A foreign theatrical company, to have the least chance of success in Paris, must be composed of performers of *élite*, and must represent pieces of the highest order. At the Palais Royal an extravagant farce, called *Bouchencœur*, is exciting much laughter.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

LINNEAN.—June 16th.—Thomas Bell, Esq., President, in the chair. Mr. Westwood exhibited specimens of the Wax-insect of Natal, and also of the Chinese Wax-insect. Dr. Alexander exhibited specimens of *Botrychium Lunaria*, gathered in abundance, by Mr. T. B. Flower, on the top of Bathwick Hill, near Bath; and the President mentioned that the plants had been gathered by himself during the past year (for the first time) in the neighbourhood of Selborne, Hants. Dr. Vinen presented specimens of dried plants collected by Mr. Borrer in 1854, on the "Lomas," or Desert Mountains of Iquique, Peru, at an elevation of 3000 feet above the sea. The following papers were read:—1. 'Catalogues of the Hymenopterous Insects collected by Mr. A. R. Wallace at Sarawak, Malacca, and Singapore,' by Frederick Smith, Esq. 2. 'On the occurrence of *Rotifera* in *Vaucheria*,' by Daniel Oliver, jun., Esq. 3. 'On the growth and composition of *Siphonodon Grift*,' by Dr. J. D. Hooker, Esq. 4. 'On a monstrous development in *Habenaria chlorantha*,' by the Rev. Professor Henslow. 5. 'On an abnormal development of the spadix of the Banana,' by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk. 6. 'On the general Geographical distribution of the members of the class *Aves*,' by P. L. Selater, Esq.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—April 24th.—Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., in the chair. Professor A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S., 'On Certain Peculiarities of Climate during part of the Permian Epoch.' The subject was divided into two parts: 1st, the early geological history of the Longmynd and the neighbouring Lower Silurian rocks, between the Stiper Stones and Chirbury in Shropshire; and 2nd, the nature and glacial origin of the brecciated conglomerates of Worcestershire and part of South Staffordshire, that lie near the base of the Permian strata. The Longmynd consists of a high tract of barren ground in Shropshire, formed of the Cambrian grits, conglomerates, and slates that lie beneath the Lower Silurian strata. They attain a height of about 1700 feet above the sea. The beds stand nearly on end, and measured across the strike appear to be about 14,000 feet thick. This appearance may, however, be deceptive, as it is possible they may be doubled over in large contortions, the tops of the curves having been removed by denudation. They have heretofore yielded no fossils except a doubtful trilobite, and the marks of annelids and fucoids. They are overlaid by an equal amount of Lower Silurian strata between the Stiper Stones and Chirbury. These consist of Lingula flags, and Llandeilo slates and grits full of the ordinary fossils of the period, and are associated with bosses of eruptive greenstone and beds of felspathic trap and ashes. The slates have often a peculiar porcelaneous and ribboned character imparted to them by the igneous rocks, and all the igneous pheno-

mena of the district are of Lower Silurian date. Certain strata, known as the Pentamerus beds or Upper Llandovery and May Hill sandstones, lie at the base of the Wenlock shale, quite unconformably on the Cambrian and Lower Silurian rocks. These rocks contain a peculiar suite of fossils, among which *Pentamerus oblongus* is conspicuous. They are frequently highly calcareous and conglomeratic, and mixed with the fossils contain pebbles of green and purple grit and slate, derived from the waste of the Longmynd rocks, on the upturned edges of which they rest. These Pentamerus beds form an ancient consolidated beach that surrounded an island of Cambrian and Lower Silurian rocks, at the commencement of the Upper Silurian epoch. Outliers of this old beach lie on the flats and slopes at the Bogmine and elsewhere, near the summits of the Lower Silurian hills west of the Stiper Stones; and it was shown that during the formation of the beach the island slowly sank and was gradually encased in Pentamerus beds, and these in their turn were buried beneath the Wenlock shale and Ludlow rocks, and probably also the old red sandstone. This part of the subject was illustrated by an account of the gradual submergence of the coral islands of the Pacific. The ancient island was thus not only submerged, but also shrouded beneath many thousand feet of newer strata. While the island stood high above the water the Pentamerus beach began to be formed, but as it slowly sank the beach crept inward and upward at least 800 feet, with a gentle slope, so that finally before complete submergence only the higher summits stood above the sea, surrounded by a continuation of the beach. The higher prolongation of the beach was thus shown to be of later date than the parts formed round the earlier margin of the island, and the opposite ends of a continuous stratum may thus be of different ages. This was illustrated by the fossils that the Pentamerus beds of the Longmynd contain. In Wales the Pentamerus beds have been divided by Mr. Aveline, of the Geological Survey, into two sets, the Lower and Upper Llandovery beds, each characterized by its own group of fossils, or by peculiarities of grouping. It is the upper part only that surrounds the Longmynd. At the foot of the Longmynd and Lower Silurian hills the Pentamerus beds among other fossils contain *Pentamerus oblongus* in great plenty, and also *P. lens*. The first is scarce in the Lower Llandovery rocks, and common in the Upper. With the second the reverse is usually the case. It is found in the (geographically) lower part of the beach above described, but in the higher geographical prolongation at the Bogmine it does not occur. *Strophomena pecten* is common to all the Silurian rocks in and below the Wenlock strata, but it is especially abundant in the Wenlock rocks, and is common in the Bogmine outlier. *Goniophora cymbæformis* is essentially an Upper Silurian species. It is not found in the Upper Pentamerus beds of the ordinary type, but occurs at the Bogmine, and ranges through the Wenlock and Ludlow rocks up to the tilestone, close below the base of the old red sandstone. The same is the case with *Bellerophon trilobatus*, also a Bogmine and tilestone species. A trilobite *Phacops Downingia*, not known in the ordinary Pentamerus beds, occurs in the Bogmine outlier, and low in the Wenlock or Denbighshire grits. Other instances of the same kind might be cited. An undescribed species of *Pleuronomaria* has been found at the Bogmine, and nowhere else. These facts show that the assemblage of fossils in the inland and geographically higher part of the beach is more exclusively of an Upper Silurian type than the assemblage grouped in the geographically lower part of the same bed. Stratigraphically the bed was quite continuous, and yet its opposite ends are of somewhat different geological date. This point, though not essential to, is intimately connected with, the proofs of a period of cold during the deposition of the Permian conglomeratic breccias or Rothliegendes, seeing that some of these higher Silurian fossils are contained in the fragments that enter into their composition, and it is therefore particularly insisted on. How long the island of the

Longmynd remained buried beneath several thousand feet of Upper Silurian rocks and Old red sandstone is uncertain. It is, however, certain that this covering was partly removed by denudation before the deposition of the upper coal measures, for in Shropshire, part of these rocks lie directly on the Cambrian strata, although Cambrian pebbles have not yet been detected in them. But in the Permian brecciated conglomerates of Worcestershire, many fragments, believed to be derived from the Longmynd and its neighbourhood, have been found. These breccias occur either themselves resting unconformably on the coal measures, or on older rocks, or else associated with Permian marles and sandstones that occupy like positions. These are found near Enville, at Wars Hill, and Stagbury Hill, where they lie on the coal measures; at Woodbury, one of the Abberley Hills, where they rest on the Upper Silurian rocks; on Barrow Hill, on the coal measures and Old red sandstone; at Howler's Heath, in the South Malvern region, on the Upper Silurian strata; and on the Clent and Lickey Hills, Frankley Beeches, and at Northfield the Permian rocks below the breccia rest on the South Staffordshire coalfield. They also occur at Church Hill, five and a half miles north-west of the Abberley Hills, where an outlier of breccia lies directly on the coal measures of the Forest of Wyre. In all these places the brecciated stones are bedded in a hardened red marly paste. The stones which it contains are (with very rare exceptions) not formed from the waste of the neighbouring rocks on which they lie, but of fragments, many of them identical in composition and character with the Cambrian and Silurian beds of the Longmynd, and consist of pieces of quartz rock, greenstone, felspathic trap, felspathic ash, black slate, jasper, gray and purple sandstone, green sandy slate, ribboned altered slate, quartz conglomerate, and Pentamerus conglomerate and limestone. These are mixed with other foreign fragments; but those enumerated always form by far the majority. They are of all sizes, up to two and a half and three feet in diameter. The majority are small, like the stones of the Pleistocene drift. Their forms are always angular and subangular, their sides usually smoothed, and sometimes polished, and scratched in a manner identical with some of the stones of the modern moraines of the Alps, or of the glacial drift of the Pleistocene period that spreads over the north of Europe and America. The manner in which the blocks lie rudely bedded in the marly matrix also precisely corresponds to many of the ice-drifted deposits of the Pleistocene epoch. In England, judging from their outcrops, they now occupy an area of at least five hundred square miles, chiefly concealed by overlying deposits. If lithological character be any guide, they have mostly been derived from the conglomerates of green, gray, and purple Cambrian grits of the Longmynd and from the Silurian quartz rocks, slates, felstones, felspathic ashes, greenstones, and Pentamerus beds between the Stiper Stones and Chirbury. Neither the Malvern nor the Abberley Hills, nor the South Staffordshire country, nor any of the other districts where the breccias occur, contain rocks at the surface similar to them from whence the breccias have derived their materials. It has been asserted that they may have been formed from the waste of rocks concealed beneath the neighbouring New red sandstone. This is, however, an improbable assumption, and in the outlier of Church Hill, which is altogether surrounded by coal measures, the rocks are of the same far transported character as in other localities. If other patches were formed from rocks concealed by the New red sandstone, this outlier, according to the same reasoning, might be expected to be formed from the waste of the surrounding coal measures, which is not the case. If, then, the blocks of stone that form the breccias were derived from the Cambrian and Silurian rocks of the Longmynd, it is of importance to know how far they travelled. From the Longmynd region Church Hill is from twenty-five to thirty miles distant; Howler's Heath, at the south end of the Malvern Hills, from forty to fifty miles distant;

and the places where they occur near the South Staffordshire coalfield, from thirty-five to forty-five miles distant; and it was shown that so many angular and subangular fragments, some of them three feet in diameter, and forming deposits in places four hundred feet in thickness, could only have been transported by floating ice. At Northfield especially, many angular slabs of the Pentamerus beds of the Longmynd district were found, some of them two feet across, containing fossils of the later age of that deposit, and in the same Pentamerus rock, are enclosed fragments of the Cambrian green slates that were deposited in it when it formed a Silurian beach, as explained at the beginning of the lecture. In no other part of England have the Pentamerus beds this character; and the evidence is, therefore, in favour of the supposition that they were transported from the Longmynd. As no other agent that we know, except ice, transports so many large angular blocks to a distance, it was shown that the same transporting agent must have been at work over large areas of Europe during the deposition of the Rothliegendes of the Permian period; and if we admit this kind of evidence for the Pleistocene drift, it is contended that the same kind of evidence of transportation from a distance, size, angularity, smoothing and scratched surfaces, should be admitted with regard to the stones and boulders of the Permian breccias. Proofs were also adduced to show that the internal heat of the earth has exerted no important climatal influence during any of the geological periods from Silurian times downwards; and a diagram exhibited illustrative of the analogies shown by the small development of molluscous life during the cold of the Permian and Pleistocene epochs, the last of which, as far as its fossil shells are concerned, may be considered but as a subdivision of the recent period.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—June 29th.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair. M. de la Roquette, Vice-President of the Geographical Society of Paris, was elected an Honorary, and M. Malte-Brun, Secretary of the Geographical Society of Paris, a Corresponding Member; and Commander E. Burstell, R.N.; Capt. C. Caldwell, R.N.; the Rev. H. J. Hose, Warden of St. Paul's College, Sydney; the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, M.P., and Messrs. J. W. Brett, G. M. M. Esmeade, William Evans, M.P., F. P. Martin, T. A. Noddall, R.N., and A. D. White, were elected Fellows. The President announced that through the activity of Captain Irminger, of the Royal Danish navy, and corresponding member of the Society at Copenhagen, the services of the well-known Esquimaux interpreter, Carl Petersen, had been secured for the Arctic expedition under the command of Captain McClintock, R.N., which would sail immediately on the arrival of the interpreter from Aberdeen from the north. The papers read were:—1. Description of Vancouver Island. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. C. Grant. 2. Extracts from the Proceedings of the North Australian Expedition. By Messrs. Gregory, Wilson, and Elsey. 3. Report of the Expedition for the Exploration of the Rewa River and its tributaries, Na tite Levié, Fiji Islands. By Dr. Macdonald, R.N. 4. Report of the Expedition up the Nile. By Mr. A. W. Twyford. 5. Journey in Mexico. By Mr. Charles Sevin. 6. Report on the Salt Water from the West Coast of Africa. By Sir R. I. Murchison.

ZOOLOGICAL.—July 2nd.—The Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, Vice-President, in the chair. The Earl of Lichfield, Major Hirst, and Messrs. R. Marshall, H. Taylor, J. Havers, O. Frauenknecht, W. Armstrong, H. T. Clack, and J. Wardlaw, were elected Fellows of the Society. The report stated that among the numerous species which had reproduced in the gardens during the present season, were the Chilean black-necked swans. A brood of these beautiful birds were hatched on the 23rd of June, and are now in the most promising condition. The parent birds were obtained from

the Knowsley Collection in 1851. With the exception of another pair, which was presented to Her Majesty the Queen at that time by the Earl of Derby, and of two females received by the Zoological Society from Captain the Hon. E. A. Harris, R.N., in the present year, these birds have been the only importation hitherto received in Europe. The report further stated that the number of visitors to the gardens during June was 83,839; and that the total number during the year had already amounted to 172,863; that the number of Fellows elected and certificates received was 48.

ANTIQUARIES.—June 18th.—John Bruce, Esq., V.-P., in the chair. Mr. Cole presented to the Society a proclamation, dated 21st February, 1732, calling in the gold coins called "broad pieces." The Report of the Finance Committee on the receipts and expenditure of the Society was read by the Treasurer. Professor Ranke was elected an Honorary Fellow, and Mr. Charles Kean was elected Fellow. Mr. J. G. Nichols exhibited a bronze statuette of a wild man kneeling on one knee, said to have formerly belonged to the late General Sir Charles Napier. Mr. Richard Almack exhibited a bond in 1000*l.* penalty, given by Thomas Duke of Norfolk, Roger Townshend, and Sir Nicholas Le Strange, for the due performance of the covenants on the marriage of Roger Townshend with Jane, daughter of Anne Lady Stanhope. This instrument is dated in the sixth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Ouvre, the treasurer, exhibited, by permission of Mr. John Farrer of Ingleborough, a collection of relics obtained by the latter gentleman from Donkerbottom cave, near Arnecliffe, Yorkshire, comprising human and animal remains, fibule of bronze, armilla, bone implements, spindle-whirls, &c. From the discovery of coins of Claudius II. and Tetricus with these objects, they may be pretty confidently ascribed to the late Romano-British period. They very closely resemble the remains discovered some years since in the caves at Settle in the same district. Sir George Musgrave, Bart., forwarded a pen-and-ink sketch of a stone axe, with the wooden handle still attached to it, found recently by a labourer digging peat in the Solway moss near Longtown. Mr. Charles Reed exhibited a deed bearing the signature of Henrietta Maria, dated July 22, 1664, conveying to her son Charles II. twenty-four tenements without Temple Bar, supposed to have occupied the site known as Somerset Place. The Rev. Thomas Hugo presented a rubbing from a fragment of an inscribed stone in his possession, found in Budge Row, London, bearing the following letters of a mutilated inscription:—

. VICINIA . DESVO . REST .
. MATR

Mr. Morgan, V.P., exhibited his collection of clocks and watches, of which he gave a verbal description. Mr. Ashpitel read a communication entitled 'The City of Cuma, and the recent excavations there.' The Society then adjourned over the recess to Thursday, November 19th.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—June 10th.—Sir James Clark, Bart., in the chair. The Earl of Ellesmere, Edward Lawford, Esq., M.D., and N. Trübner, Esq., were elected members of the Society. Mr. Tolmé read a paper 'On the researches of Wilhelm von Humboldt on the ancient inhabitants of Spain.' Mr. Tolmé said that it was well known that there existed under the Spanish crown a district, in which the character of the people, as well as their language and government, were in striking contrast with those of the rest of the monarchy. This people was very little known in England, and he thought that it would be serviceable to ethnology to make known in this country the opinions of Wilhelm von Humboldt concerning them, of whose little book it was proposed to print a translation under the auspices of the Society. The early history of the Basques is as obscure as their position and character are anomalous. They preserved their rude independence from Goths and

Moors, and it was not till late in the fourteenth century that they became incorporated with the crown of Spain, under which, as a lordship, they have since continued. They have still preserved much of their old liberties, and continue to talk their ancient language, in spite of the efforts of the Government during many years to abolish it. It was the opinion of Humboldt that the modern Basques are the representatives of the ancient Iberians, and that they were the original inhabitants of the whole of Spain. He deduces this opinion from a comparison of the component parts of the ancient names of places as preserved to us by the Roman historians and geographers, and which he alleges are clearly taken from the Basque language. A mixture of Celts with this original race formed that part of the ancient population of Spain which was called the Celtiberians. He considered that the Iberians, or Basques, had been gradually driven from the rest of the peninsula by the progress of conquest, until they were no longer to be found beyond the limits of the present Basque provinces. Mr. Tolmé gave a clear and sufficiently comprehensive résumé of the researches and arguments of Wilhelm von Humboldt on these various points. In the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, Mr. James Kennedy said that, having studied the Basque language for some years, he had come to a different conclusion from that of Humboldt. He believed the Basques to be descendants of some small colony in Spain, and not of the original inhabitants of the whole peninsula. They had many words in their language, and many customs, which were common to the ancient peoples of the east; such, for instance, as that alluded to in the book of Ruth, of the next of kin having the right of preemption in the sale of landed property, which still prevails among the Basques; they had also a curious enactment among their laws, or *fueros*, that every priest might have two wives, of which privilege, though Roman Catholics, they were said to avail themselves, and places for the two wives were set apart in the old churches. Although their language was said by Dr. Latham and others to be one *sui generis*, he had found many words in it in common with Coptic, Syriac, and other languages of the east. It was to be regretted that we had no work in the English language on the subject of this people, and on their language and origin, and he thought that the Society would do a service in publishing a translation of Humboldt's work. He rejoiced to see that public attention had been turned towards the Basques recently, especially by the labours of prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, whom he saw present, and to whose valuable efforts to preserve the fading remembrances of Basque traditions he could not refer without expressing satisfaction that a member of the present imperial dynasty of France was so worthily engaged in promoting useful knowledge. The prince Louis Bonaparte made some remarks on our present knowledge of the history and condition of the Basques. He confirmed the statement of Mr. Kennedy relating to the two wives of the Basque priests. With regard to the language, he said that it was entirely lost in one province, Alava; in Guipuscoa it continued to be the universal language of the people; in the other provinces it prevailed only partially. To show the gradual manner in which the language was disappearing, he instance one parish in which it is customary to preach a sermon in Basque once a year for the sake of the old people. In reply to a question, the prince gave some explanation of the principles upon which he is constructing an elaborate linguistic map, and of the progress he had made in it.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Institution, 2 p.m.—(General Monthly Meeting.)
Entomological, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Horticultural, 3 p.m.—(Ferns, Good Foliaged Plants,
and Fruit.)
Wednesday.—Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
Saturday.—Botanic, 4 p.m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. C. S.; T. T.; R. L.; M.; J. K. F.; G. P.—received.

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NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY.

SIR PETER LAURIE, ALDERMAN, Chairman of the London Board.

LONDON OFFICE:—4, New Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

Where the Annual Report, Prospectus, and Forms of Proposal, may be obtained.

ROBERT STRACHAN, Secretary.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THIRD DIVISION OF PROFITS.

THE unusual success which has attended the cautious yet energetic operations of this Company has enabled the Directors to add Reversionary Bonuses to Policies on the participating class, averaging nearly £2 per cent. per annum on the sum insured, or from 30 to 100 per cent. on the Premiums paid. Parties insuring with this Company do not incur the risk of Co-partnership, as is the case in Mutual Offices.

Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.

ANNUAL INCOME UPWARDS OF £128,000.

The Funds or Property of the Company as at 31st December, 1855, amounted to £566,124 2s. 6d., invested in Government and other approved Securities.

UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

8, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

THE HON. FRANCIS SCOTT, M.P., Chairman.

CHARLES BERWICK CURTIS, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

(By Order)

PATRICK MACINTYRE, Secretary.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION,
45, GRANFORD STREET, LONDON.
FOR MUTUAL ASSURANCE ON LIVES, ANNUITIES, &c.
Established December, 1855.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman.—SAMUEL HAYBURN LECAS, Esq.
Deputy-Chairman.—CHARLES LUSHINGTON, Esq.
Francis Bennock, Esq.
John Bradbury, Esq.
Thomas Castle, Esq.
William Miller Christy, Esq.
John Feltham, Esq., M.P.
Robert Ingham, Esq., M.P.
Robert Sheppard, Esq.
Jonathan Thorp, Esq.
William Tyler, Esq.
Charles Whetnam, Esq.

PHYSICIANS.

J. T. Cosquest, M.D., F.L.S. Thomas Hodgkin, M.D.
BANKERS—Messrs. Brown, Janson, and Co., and Bank of England.
SOLICITOR—Septimus Davidson, Esq.

CONSULTING ACTUARY—Charles Ansell, Esq., F.R.S.

ABSTRACT OF THE DIRECTORS' REPORT for the Year ending 20th November, 1856.

Number of policies issued from the commencement of the Institution in December, 1855..... 19,517 0 0
Amount paid in claims..... £69,161 11 11

Amount returned to the assured in abatement of premiums in the 17 years ending Nov. 20, 1852..... £240,134 11 8

Addition to policies by way of bonus..... £126,564 0 0

Annual income after deducting £33,348, abatement of premiums..... £236,735 7 2

The amount of capital arising exclusively from the premiums paid by the members, who are themselves the sole proprietors, and among whom alone the whole profit is divided..... £1,351,606 5 11

At the last division of surplus profits made up to Nov. 20, 1852, the reductions varied from 6 to 59 per cent. on the original amount of premiums, according to the age of the member, and the time the policy had been in force; and the bonuses ranged in like manner from 30 to 75 per cent. on the amount of premiums received during the preceding five years.

The next DIVISION will be made up to the 20th November, 1857.

Members whose premiums fall due on the last July, are reminded that the same must be paid within 30 days from that date.

The Prospectus, with the last Report of the Directors, and all other information, may be had on application at the Office.

June 17, 1857.

JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.

AN ESSAY ON SPERMATORRHOEA: Its Nature and Treatment; with an Exposition of the Frauds that are practised by persons who advertise the speedy, safe, and effectual cure of Nervous Derangement. By A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON.

London: W. Kent and Co., 61 and 62, Paternoster Row.

UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
CORNHILL, and BAKER STREET, LONDON; COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN; and GRONINGEN STREET, HAMBURG.

Instituted in the Reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714.

DIRECTORS, TRUSTEES, &c.

J. REMINGTON MILLS, Esq., Chairman.
HENRY ALDWIN SOAMES, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

James Bentley, Esq.
Thomas Bodley, Esq.
Daniel Britten, Esq.
Nicholas Clarrington, Esq.
R. Preston Child, Esq.
William Gilpin, Esq.
Thos. Lewis, Esq.
Thomas Mills, Esq., M.P.
John Morley, Esq.
John Paynter, Esq.
John Rogers, Esq.
Henry Rutt, Esq.
George Spencer Smith, Esq.
Richd. Horaman Solly, Esq.
W. Foster White, Esq.
Samuel Wilson, Esq. Ald.
Stephen Wilson, Esq.

The Directors are ready to receive Proposals for Insuring every description of Property in Great Britain and Ireland, including Ships in Dock, Rent of Houses, Loss by Fire from Lightning, and Farming Stock.

BONUS ON LIFE POLICIES.—The following will show the relative amount of the recent Septennial BONUS added to the Sum Insured, on Policies for £1000, effected in Great Britain, according to the Ages of the Lives when Assured:—

Age when Policy effected.	Amount of Premium received for the last Seven Years.	Bonus for the same time.	
£ s. d.	£		
20	152 10 10	105	Being about 70 per cent. on such amount of premium.
25	166 6 10	105	Being 60 per cent. ditto.
30	186 19 2	105	Being 55 per cent. ditto.
35	209 8 4	105	Being 50 per cent. ditto.
40	237 14 2	105	Being 45 per cent. ditto.

THIS BONUS. By having the Annual Premium reduced for the next Seven Years, which in many cases extinguished the same for that period; Or, by adding the amount to the sum insured; Or, the present value thereof was received immediately in money.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Offices, as above, or by written application to the Secretary.

Policy Stamps and Medical Fees paid by this Company. Advances are made on the sole Security of Policies effected with this Office to the extent of their value.

Two-thirds only of the Premium may be paid until death. Decreasing and Increasing Rates of Premium.

Persons whose Lives are Assured, and not being of seafaring occupation, are allowed during peace to pass by sea from one part of Europe direct to any other part thereof, in steam or other decked vessels.

W. B. LEWIS, Secretary.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS a Sovereign Remedy for all complaints originating in the Internal Organs, producing the most astonishing results, and all who are liable to attacks of indigestion should fortify their systems against the relaxing agents of summer by this mild aperient and alterative in the spring. It removes all obstructions in the stomach, and revitalizes the digestive powers when weakened by indulgence or rendered torpid by a sedentary life. The testimony of invalids in all parts of the world demonstrates the healing power of this potent remedy.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World; at Professor Holloway's Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden Lane, New York; by A. Stamps, Constantinople; A. Guidry, Smyrna; and E. Muir, Malta.

DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Has now, in consequence of its marked superiority over every other variety, secured the entire confidence and almost universal preference of the most eminent Medical Practitioners as the most speedy and effectual remedy for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, DIABETES, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, NEURALGIA, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Its leading distinctive characteristics are:

COMPLETE PRESERVATION OF ACTIVE AND ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES.

INVARIABLE PURITY AND UNIFORM STRENGTH.

ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM NAUSEOUS FLAVOUR AND AFTER-TASTE.

RAPID CURATIVE EFFECTS, AND CONSEQUENT ECONOMY.

OPINION OF

CHARLES COWAN, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.S.E.,

Senior Physician to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Consulting Physician to the Reading Dispensary, Translator of "Lewin on Phlebotomy," &c.

"Dr. Cowan is glad to find that the Profession has some reasonable guarantee for a genuine article. The material now sold varies in almost every establishment where it is purchased, and a tendency to prefer a colourless and tasteless Oil, if not counteracted, will ultimately jeopardise the reputation of an unquestionably valuable addition to the Materia Medica. Dr. Cowan wishes Dr. de Jongh every success in his meritorious undertaking."

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